

The Australian

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FEBRUARY 24, 1954

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PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Pocket Steak—with a flavour lift



... add new interest to a family favourite.

1 lb. topside, round or rump steak, 2" thick; ¼ cup soft breadcrumbs; 1 onion, grated (2 tablespoons); small pinch of salt; 1 dessertspoon Bonox mixed with 2 tablespoons hot water; 1 dessertspoon butter or dripping; ½ teaspoon mixed herbs; dripping for roasting; Bonox gravy.

With a sharp knife cut a pocket in the steak. Put the breadcrumbs, herbs, and grated onion into a bowl. Dissolve the Bonox in the hot water and add the butter or dripping, and pinch of salt. Pour this over the breadcrumbs, etc., and mix well together. Stuff the steak with this mixture and skewer or sew the opening. Place in a baking pan with dripping, cover with greased paper and cook in a slow oven (350°) for about 60 minutes or until tender. Bake vegetables with the meat. Serve with Bonox gravy. Pocket steak is equally delicious cold.

A COLD MEAT TREAT

4 level teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1¼ cups hot water, 4 teaspoons Bonox, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, pepper, 1 cup diced left-over meat, ½ cup cooked vegetables, ½ cup diced celery, 1 hard-boiled egg, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water, Bonox, salt, pepper and stir until dissolved. Add Worcestershire sauce, grated onion and chill until mixture is thickened but not set. Stir in meat, cooked vegetables, celery. Arrange slices of hard-boiled egg, in a layer of jelly, on the bottom and sides of a loaf pan or in individual moulds. Pour on rest of mixture and chill until firm. Unmould and garnish with lettuce and tomatoes. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. 4 to 5 generous serves.

Use Bonox as a Sauce for Cold Meats. 1 teaspoon Bonox; 2 teaspoons tomato sauce; a little Kraft prepared mustard and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Blend together and serve on cold meats.

Give all meat dishes a flavour lift with BONOX



Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks... add it to soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich prime beef to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift! KB410

JET

By

Sir Frank Whittle, K.B.E., C.B., F.R.S.

May 15, 1941, was the memorable day when a Gloster/Whittle 28/39 flew for 17 minutes—the world's first successful jet-propelled flight.

This book is Whittle's own story of the years of experiments, plans, and problems leading up to that day.

Price 22/6

From all Booksellers.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 24, 1954

Vol. 21, No. 39

SCIENTISTS FIGHT BACK

A NEW poison called "1080," ten times as deadly as strychnine, may be used in Victoria's war against the rabbit pest.

This news points up the now only too obvious fact that myxomatosis is no longer dealing death to rabbits with its original effectiveness.

The rabbits have developed an immunity to the disease and Australia's primary producers cannot be blamed for some disappointment at the outcome of this scientific experiment.

The public is gradually becoming conditioned to such disappointments.

Each new "miracle" drug discovered by scientists in the fight against human disease is hailed with enthusiasm.

These drugs have done and are doing wonders for the health of the world.

But, with the immunity which the human body so rapidly develops against them, the success of their initial use eventually gives way to acceptance of their limitations.

The scientists, however, cannot afford to be disappointed.

As every gardener knows, as he tackles the ever-present weeds in his backyard, it is a fight that can never be won.

Only by perseverance can he keep abreast of the forces of nature.

And so it is with the scientists in their much more important field of endeavor.

Whether they seek to save human life or destroy the pests that menace health and wealth, they can never rest on their laurels.

Our cover:

● The Queen wore a glorious gown of parchment satin, the skirt garlanded with roses, to the Lord Mayor's Ball at the Sydney Town Hall. Our cover shows her seated on the dais with the Duke of Edinburgh. Others are, from left: The Lord Mayor, Alderman P. D. Hills (who is about to take his seat beside the Queen), Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Lady Alice Egerton, and Mrs. Hills. Picture by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

This week:

● Because the unprecedented demand for extra copies of our paper continues, we have again been compelled to omit the free novel. To enable our plant to produce the huge total of papers required, there will be no lift-out novel in succeeding issues.

Readers have asked us to continue our lavish coverage of the Royal tour and to make sure that ample supplies are available. In answer to this demand we have suspended publication of the present series of novels.

● Color pictures on pages 3, 8, and 9 are ones you will treasure as souvenirs. On the opposite page you see the Queen at the races, with Randwick at its gayest and the Queen happy and interested. On the same page is a picture of Her Majesty dedicating the Sandringham Garden.

The magnificent spectacle of the surf carnival at Bondi is recorded on page 8, and on page 9 is a portrait study of the Queen at the Lord Mayor's Ball, a picture of her at Legacy House and at the gala concert at the Tivoli.

Next week:

● In the Autumn Fashion Section Betty Keep presents Paris fashions in pictures and articles. Paris likes two daytime silhouettes, one slim and willowy, the other with a barrel look. Both are illustrated, and there are sketches and pictures of the tiny new hats and the most-liked accessory, the muff.

A trade unionist's struggle to find his soul

Book review by HELEN FRIZELL

ON the outside of his latest book, "Except the Lord," Mr. Joyce Cary is photographed in the manner of a Victorian statesman, posing with chin cupped in hand, cheek resting on an index finger, a benevolent expression, and a flash-lit aureole behind his thinning hair.

Seemingly for this picture, he identified himself with his novel's hero, Chester Nimmo, a deeply religious trade unionist, who worked in life for the rights of man and individual liberty of the soul.

The book's title comes from a psalm which includes these words: "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it."

As an old man, Chester Nimmo, looking back, says that it was many years before he "grasped the full significance of that profoundest of truths not only for the man but for all his endeavors—not only in his family life but in his political activity—that unless he aim at the life of the soul then all his achievement will be a goal or a mad-house, self-hatred, corruption, and despair."

The setting of the book is the moorland village of Shaughbrook, where the Nimmo family lives.

The time of Chester's youth is the 1860's, when many of the villagers were illiterate, hard-working, and underpaid. The Nimmos are far from illiterate, though Chester's father is but a laborer.

Old Mr. Nimmo, leader of a sect which expects the Second Coming to be imminent, is intelligent and self-educated. He rears his boys, Richard and Chester, encouraging them in faith and in knowledge.

Georgina, one of the sisters, fights against her environment. Fierce, loving, and proud, she needs not only love but appreciation for the work she does after her mother's death, when as an 11-year-old girl she earns money for the home which she must keep together.

Chester, in early manhood, loses his faith, becoming a political battler against the prevailing society which has been so unjust to his family and his class.

He forms a local union, at a time when unionists were apt to be threatened and deprived of work as well.

When his movement fails, when he is accused of treachery and self-interest, Chester for years is destitute of belief in anything.

Joyce Cary deals not so much with politics as with Chester's soul, which in the end is "plucked back from the very edge of frustration and despair."

The book is written with sincerity and great dignity, reminiscent of Thomas Hardy. For those who have only known Mr. Cary through "The Horse's Mouth," this work will come as a surprise.

"Except the Lord," by Joyce Cary, is published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

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An Important Message To Laxative Users

Constipation is such a widespread complaint that there is hardly a person who doesn't have to use a laxative occasionally. The symptoms of constipation are many and varied. Lack of energy, headaches, tiredness, biliousness, indigestion and upset stomach can quite often be signs that you need the help of a good laxative. The choice of a suitable laxative is therefore important to almost everybody.

What is a suitable laxative? There is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle, effective—when administered in controlled dosages—and yet has none of the unpleasant actions of cathartics and roughage. This laxative agent is the active ingredient of NYAL FIGSEN.

Figsen's gentle, stimulating action begins where laxative action should begin—in the large intestine, not in the stomach. Figsen does not force waste matter from the system—but gives gentle, natural assistance.

Figsen offers many other advantages:

1. Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. There's no "medicine taste." It is equally agreeable to children and adults.
2. Figsen won't upset sensitive stomachs—it does its work in a natural way.
3. Figsen acts gently—promptly—without pain or irritation because it contains no harmful drugs.
4. Figsen comes in convenient tablet form—easy to take anytime, anywhere. The pleasant-tasting tablet may be chewed or swallowed and can readily be divided to adjust the dosage for small children.

Figsen is available in two strengths. Figsen Regular, equally suitable for adults and children, and Figsen Double Strength, for those adults who find that they need a slightly more positive laxative 2/3 action. Figsen Regular 2/3

Figsen Double Strength 3/6

All Chemists.

NYAL FIGSEN



ABOVE: The Queen, with A.J.C. chairman Mr. Alan G. Potter, walks down the straight at Randwick Racecourse, Sydney.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

BELOW: The Queen visits Sandringham Memorial Gardens, Hyde Park, Sydney, to open King George VI memorial gates.



THE QUEEN REMEMBERS...



LEFT: Her Majesty the Queen in the wattle-blossom hat she wore for the memorial ceremonies in honor of Australian and American servicemen held in Canberra this week. RIGHT: Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh approach the Commemorative Stone at the Australian National War Memorial, where she laid a beautiful wreath.



HER MAJESTY, escorted by official war historian Dr. C. E. W. Bean, passes a line of widows, mothers, and children of Australian servicemen killed in the war.

She honors fighting men of two nations



SIR JOHN LATHAM, President of the Australian-American Association, with Her Majesty, who paid the association the honor of unveiling Australia's National Memorial to America at the Federal Capital.



AMERICAN SERVICEMEN photograph the scene. From left, Bert Whitehead, John Agnew, and Roy Kincaid, all of whom are attached to the staff of the U.S. Naval Attache, Melbourne. The ceremony was brilliant.



THE QUEEN leaving the memorial to U.S. servicemen after she had unveiled it. This memorial was the result of seven years' planning by the Australian-American Association. The Queen wore a wattle-yellow dress, simply made with cap-sleeves forming a shawl, and a diamond brooch in the lapel.



FOR EVERY GLAMOROUS
OCCASION DURING
THE ROYAL TOUR
SEASON . . .

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To look your loveliest on glamorous occasions you need the magic touch of Michel. Michel lipstick is available in ten lovely colours — each colour fashion-right and wonderfully flattering. Wear Michel always. You'll find Michel 'stays on longer'—keeps your lips softer, lovelier, and always sweetly inviting. Michel is delicately perfumed with an exclusive, lingering fragrance that keeps men guessing!

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Michel

'STAYS ON LONGER'

IN ALL HER ROYAL SPLENDOR



SMILING, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh turn and face the crowd of 20,000 people before entering Parliament House, Canberra, for the historic opening of Federal Parliament. The Queen is wearing her magnificent Coronation gown.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 24, 1954



THE QUEEN arriving for the banquet at Parliament House, Canberra. She wore a dress of billowing tulle in palest pink and green. Satin roses formed one shoulder-strap and two garlands falling to the hemline. Mr. Menzies received her.



DWARFED by the massive chair which her father used when, as Duke of York, he opened Parliament in 1927, the Queen sits immobile just before making her speech. The Duke is at her left; on her right is the Clerk of the Senate.

SYDNEY ENTERTAINS HER MAJESTY



ROYAL SURF CARNIVAL. The Queen and the Duke drive in their land rover to the edge of the breakers at Bondi Beach, Sydney, to have a closer view of exciting events at their first surf carnival in Australia.



ABOVE. The Queen shelters from the sun under a parasol held by Mr. Ken Watson, a member of the official party at the surf carnival.

RIGHT. Driving slowly up the beach, the Royal couple are cheered by carnival competitors wearing their racing costumes and caps.



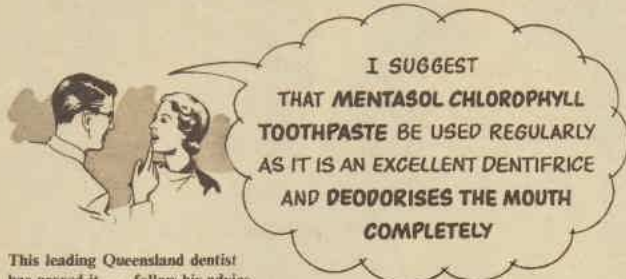


HER MAJESTY is shown on this page at three Sydney functions. Above, she enters the Town Hall to attend the Lord Mayor's Ball. At right, she arrives at the Tivoli Theatre for the gala performance. Below, she meets children at their rally at Legacy House.



When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!



This leading Queensland dentist has proved it... follow his advice.

(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

"As a dentist I would say that the number of people with some degree of mouth odour is amazingly high. It may be caused by digestive disturbances, or things like strong foods, alcohol or tobacco. That is why I recommend Mentasol Chlorophyll Toothpaste so strongly. Not only does it clean the teeth thoroughly, but from experience in my own surgery I've found that Mentasol deodorises the mouth better than any other toothpaste, and that its effect is instantaneous and lasting."

DENTISTS IN EVERY STATE OF AUSTRALIA SAY MENTASOL IS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said, "Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used."

We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee. Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.

Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today—proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE



H.S.WW106

MOTHER



"But I'm not asking you to give me money. I'm just asking you to LEND me sixpence till I grow up."

BUTCH



"Well, that's just too bad if his flashlight went dead. Let him find the light switches himself."

It seems to me

AS the Royal tour excitement sweeps on to other States, Sydney regretfully goes back to its ordinary life.

In some ways it is just as well that the Royal itinerary packs a lot into a little time. There must have been many a home in Sydney that never saw a broom during the first days.

Nor was it only women who stayed about the streets all day watching for a glimpse of the Queen. Men, young and old, were carried away with the same fervor.

The feminine pronoun took on a special meaning. "It seems dull without her," said a man in a tram. His companion nodded with complete and sympathetic understanding.



Dorothy Drann

SOME of the decorations are already on their way to other cities.

For instance, the 60ft. x 40ft. canopy of red and gold paper flowers which covered the banking chamber of the Commonwealth Bank is being air-freighted to Melbourne.

Girls on the staff made the flowers, 68,000 of them, which were glued on to a cotton material base. There were 15,000 left over, and the Melbourne bank will use these for streamers leading up to the canopy.

Some of the banners and poles used in the city streets may go to other Australian towns. The firm which owns them has had a number of inquiries for the banners from individuals.

Those with the aboriginal motifs were especially sought after, as women saw their possibilities for curtains. They are made of a heavy spun rayon which looks like linen.

SNATCH of conversation between two women overheard the other day:

First Woman: "So this friend of mine in Melbourne wants to wear a tiara to the ball, but someone told her that it's not correct unless it's a family heirloom."

Second Woman: "Oh, rubbish. In that case, if she bought a tiara now she couldn't wear it, but her granddaughter could. I mean, a thing has to start being a family heirloom sometime, hasn't it?"

First Woman: "Yes, that's true. Sounds to me the same thing as a soda siphon used to be in wartime. Couldn't buy a full one unless you had an empty one to exchange. So there was nowhere to start."

WHILE a steelworks tour is not the average woman's notion of an enthralling afternoon, I should think that the B.H.P. visit at Newcastle was a change from the general run of Royal engagements, which are fairly repetitive.

For instance, in New South Wales, Canberra, and Tasmania there are 15 children's rallies and nine assemblies of ex-servicemen.

What has to be remembered by critics is that the very sameness of routine at the functions makes the Queen's task easier. She knows what to expect and she is able therefore to give her full attention to her audience.

AT each of five points visited by the Queen in the B.H.P. steelworks was a small, specially built dais, painted white and yellow.

Each dais had its red carpet and was bordered with flower-boxes of zinnias and marigolds.

Amid the clatter of the steelworks, the blazing molten metal, the showers of white-hot sparks, and the great glowing ingots, these little structures belonged to another world.

And on them in turn the Queen of England, in her blue-and-white-daisy dress, her little blue hat, and her white toe-peeper shoes, stood for a few minutes.

She stood there cool, composed, and pretty, while officers and employees of the company were presented to her and to the Duke of Edinburgh.

She smiled the smile which is as valuable an asset as the Crown jewels.

She asked a question or two. She gazed with interest at the spectacle in front of her. When, at the ferro alloy plant, the three electric furnaces were tapped at once and the three blazing streams gushed out, I thought she looked just a shade startled. But that may be mere imagination.

B.H.P. had thrown its formidable organisation into top gear for the whirlwind Royal tour of the company's works.

It was less than an hour of the City of Newcastle's crowded three and a half hours.

Within the hour the Queen and the Duke were driven to five main points in the huge works which cover 400 acres and employ 8000 people. The tour covered three miles.

I was one of around 80 reporters and photographers on the job. Our trip was so fast that, in order to keep pace with the Royal Progress and not get under its wheels, the Press was split into two parties.

I had never seen a steelworks before. I am not sure that I have seen one now.

It was a mad scramble into buses and out of them, and a sprint alongside railway lines through the works to be in position before the Royal party arrived.

I saw the ferro alloy plant, the bloom mill, and the blast furnace. Or, to be more accurate, I saw the Queen at those places. I hope no one ever asks me to explain a ferro alloy plant, a bloom mill, or a blast furnace.

Isn't it dull in the city?

Back to the workaday world.

Back to routine, more's the pity. Now that the banners are furled.

Like a house, after festive hours,

The rooms looking empty and wan,

With vases of withering flowers,

When the guests at the party have gone

And now it's the turn of the neighbors,

Their excitement, like ours, is intense,

And we, going back to our labors,

Can only glance over the fence.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 24, 1954



"Here's the doctor now . . ."

Something wrong with this picture? Well, the idea of any modern doctor having to do his rounds in a horse and buggy is certainly very wrong. In fact, if it weren't for the motor car the doctors of today would literally be working round the clock to keep up with the calls they have to make. And not only doctors. Imagine if the grocer, the plumber, the electrician, the ambulance services, the people who are responsible for the maintenance of our light, fuel, power, communications, had to return to the horse and buggy. Service would fall away, costs would inevitably soar.

When you think about it you realise that our material progress in the last fifty years has been closely linked with motor transport. General Motors-Holden's have played a major part in this development. In fact, almost one vehicle in three on our roads today is a member of the General Motors-family.

GMH is a big business. It has to be big to do the job the people expect of it. Not only that but the operations of an organisation like General Motors-Holden's spread their benefits through the whole community. To supply all the parts, components and services that go into the manufacture of a motor vehicle, or a Frigidaire, or a piece of industrial equipment, GMH purchase something like 30,000 different types of products each year — products that come from almost every corner of Australia.

The successful operation of a big industry like GMH contributes to the success of many more industries — spreading the field of employment, contributing to the expansion of our economy, improving our industrial techniques, raising the standard of our living.



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"MY HUSBAND AND I"

EVER since her marriage, Elizabeth II, like all young brides, has taken pride in establishing herself and Philip as a husband and wife team. She spoke shyly at first of her husband, but as the years pass the touching habit of referring to "my husband and I" has grown, making it apparent that Queen Elizabeth draws very real strength and confidence from the man at her side.



THE QUEEN with her husband (above) driving through Concord Park, Concord, N.S.W., between cheering throngs of schoolchildren and onlookers. After the opening of the Federal Parliament (below) they greet guests together on the receiving line in King's Hall.



THE DUKE by the Queen's side (above) on the first day of their country tour as she receives the greetings of the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, N.S.W., Alderman F. D. Purdue. A big day before them (left), the Royal couple leave Government House, Sydney, for Randwick races, and the brilliant Bondi, N.S.W., Surf Carnival.



Great Celebrations—in 'Viyella'

There's excitement in the air. Children's eyes are dancing . . . every home is a palace and every mother a queen. There're curtsies to practise, courtly bows to be mastered. For such joyous ceremony there must be fine clothing . . . and the finest is 'Viyella.'

Here you see how 'Viyella' is for all ages, for all seasons. It is lightweight, perfect for the wide circular dress

mother is wearing. It keeps children who run in and out of doors safe from chills. It wears ("for ever," people say) and it washes wonderfully.

'Viyella' is made entirely by William Hollins & Company Limited (also the makers of 'Clydella'). Both may be recognised by the guarantee against shrinking and by the famous Day and Night trade mark.



'VIYELLA,' BOX 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Ask to be shown the full range of 'VIYELLA' when next you are family shopping.

'Viyella'

WASH AS WOOL . . .

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

CANBERRA CELEBRATES IN ROYAL WEEK



LADY-IN-WAITING to the Queen, Lady Pamela Mountbatten (second from right), who came on to the Elizabethan Ball after dining at Government House, with Lieutenant-General F. H. Berryman, Mrs. Berryman, the High Commissioner for India, General K. M. Cariappa, and Mrs. D. M. Cleland, wife of the Administrator of New Guinea.



STATE BANQUET. The Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies arrive at Parliament House. Dame Pattie wore her decoration of Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire with a gown of old-gold lame and a diamond tiara.



MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS. Mr. R. G. Casey, and Mrs. Casey walk up the steps of Parliament House to attend the State Banquet. Mrs. Casey wore a double strand of pearls with her beautifully cut gown of white satin.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S AIDE, Major John Swinton (left), with Judy Killen, of Burdado, and Bill Davy, of Bungendore, at the Elizabethan Ball. Judy wore pink organza.



MINISTER FOR IMMIGRATION, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt arrive at Parliament House to attend the State Banquet. Mrs. Holt added a mink stole to her bouffant-skirted, strapless gown of pale blue velvet and tulle, which was trimmed with mink.

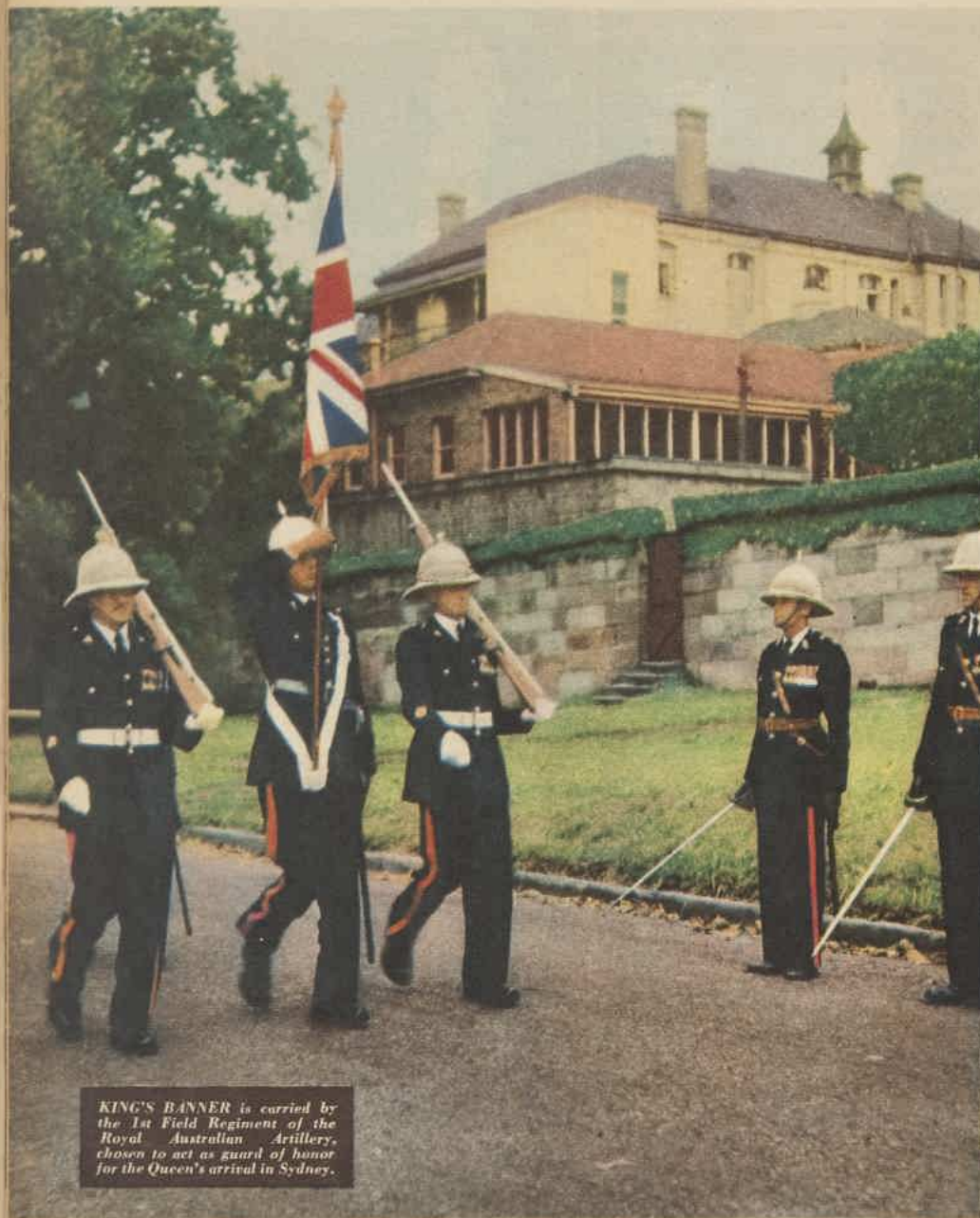


BETWEEN DANCES. Commander Bill Cook, R.A.N., and Mrs. Cook in the dining-room of the Hotel Canberra, which was transformed into a ballroom for the occasion. Proceeds from the ball will aid the Australian Red Cross Society.



IN THE COURTYARD, which was decorated with fairy lights for the ball, are (from left) Mr. Peter Minter, of Gundagai, Mrs. Oliver Woods, of Yass, Mrs. Minter, and Mrs. Peter Snow. Mrs. Snow's father-in-law, Mr. F. N. Snow, owns "Cuppacumbalong," the famous station which the Queen and the Duke visited last Sunday. Ball guests were received by Dame Pattie Menzies, Lady Holmes, Mrs. A. D. Campbell, and Mrs. Paddy Osborne.

SERVICES HONOR THE QUEEN



KING'S BANNER is carried by the 1st Field Regiment of the Royal Australian Artillery, chosen to act as guard of honor for the Queen's arrival in Sydney.

• Australian service men and women in full dress uniform are adding color and pageantry to the Royal visit on ceremonial occasions. Some detachments of service personnel have already taken part in official functions and many more throughout Australia are preparing to do so.



ABOVE: Members of the Australian Army Nursing Corps, a preliminary selection for the guard of honor for the Queen at Fremantle, W.A., Melbourne guard of honor, as she embarks on April 1.



LEFT: Officers of the R.A.A.F. marching detachment for the Royal Review of 5000 troops at Canberra on February 15, the officer commanding, Group-Captain D. W. Colquhoun (right), and Squadron-Leader T. Janes.

RIGHT: During the Queen's visit to S.A., 14 members of the W.R.A.A.C. will open all car doors for Her Majesty. Here Lieutenant Pam Codling (centre) acts the role of a V.I.P. for door-opener Pte. R. McGuffie.





MEN of aircraft-carrier Vengeance line the decks to "cheer ship." They did this when they met S.S. Gothic on her way to Sydney and will do so again when they farewell Her Majesty at Cocos Islands on April 5. Men of Vengeance provide the naval Royal guard for the Queen and are very conscious of the great honor accorded them.



GUARD OF HONOR for opening of N.S.W. State Parliament and for Federal Parliament in Canberra was chosen from the R.A.A.F. Shown here are some R.A.A.F. members who were selected. Under regulations guards have to be at least 5ft. 11in. in height.



FIRST FIELD REGIMENT in full dress uniform prepares to fire a 21-gun salute. The only artillery regiment in the British Commonwealth allowed to carry colors, this regiment fired a salute when the Queen and the Duke sailed into Sydney Harbor in Gothic.



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6 WESTCLOX ALARMS

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Baby Ben • Good Morning

Worth Reporting

DOWN in the composing room, where The Australian Women's Weekly is set into type, we found 54-year-old compositor Mr. John Elphick, who when out of his working clothes is the Mayor of Botany.

In his mayoral capacity he welcomed the Queen when she returned to Kingsford Smith Airport after visiting Dubbo, and returned to work to set the story in type.

Ald. Elphick stood on the tarmac to greet Her Majesty, accompanied by his wife, Dorothy, and New South Wales Deputy-Premier R. J. Heffron and Mrs. Heffron.

"The Queen will pass through Mascot five times," explained Ald. Elphick. "The council spent £2500 altogether—£1500 on roadside decorations, and £1000 which will endow a cot at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, in commemoration of the Queen's visit."

Ald. Elphick has had a busy time, since the Queen arrived, changing from working clothes to formal attire to attend official functions.

The clutter of the composing room was forgotten temporarily when, accompanied by his wife, he took his seat in the official stand at Farm Cove the day the Queen arrived, and again when he and Mrs. Elphick danced at the Lord Mayor's Ball.

Temptations of modern Pied Piper

THE Pied Piper of Hamelin has a modern prototype in Mervyn Bee, compere of children's birthday parties at a Sydney store.

Mervyn, who is himself the father of three children, meets the young guests at a community concert, gets them singing lustily to his piano-accordion, and later rounds them up and "pipes" them down three flights of stairs to the feast.

When the bread and butter with the hundreds and thousands runs out, Mervyn is off again at the head of the children on a trip through the toy department and a never-never-land cave inhabited by Peter Pan and his friends—a set of lifelike puppets representing the characters in Sir James Barrie's story.

At all stages of the festivities noise is unlimited.

"I've been doing this job for six years," Mervyn told us, "and I still get a tremendous kick out of seeing the kiddies have fun. But one day it'll get too much for me and I'll do it."

We asked what it was he'd do.

"Lead them out into the street," said Mervyn, "on and on, with them all singing behind me, and finish up in the depths of the underground railway."

We had a guess at the reason for choosing the underground as a finishing point and we were right. It's a makeshift for the mountain where the original piper and his procession of children are said to have vanished centuries ago.



"Here's a style that's very popular with older women."

Floral tribute at Royal concert

ONE of Sydney's keenest gardeners is sprightly grandmother Mrs. John Buchan, of Bellevue Hill.

Mrs. Buchan, who is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W., arranged two bowls of flowers as part of the decorations at the Royal Gala Concert at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, during the Queen's visit.

Some of the flowers were grown in Mrs. Buchan's small garden, and others were donated by enthusiastic gardeners in city and country centres.

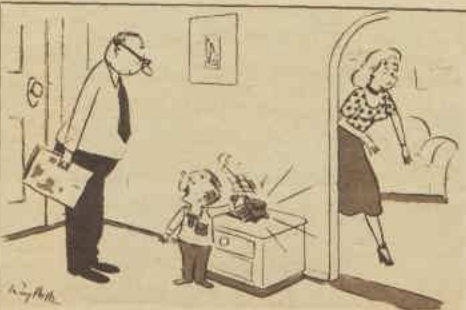
"I put every feeling I had into making those bowls look beautiful," said Mrs. Buchan. "I thought of it not only as an honor I was paying to Her Majesty but also as a dedication to my forefathers."

The bowls were lent for the occasion by Mrs. Buchan. One is a rare English Doulton piece almost 100 years old; the other is fragile old Dresden.

Both have belonged for years to Mrs. Buchan's family, representatives of which were among Australia's pioneers.

Her paternal grandfather, Joseph Bowtell, a first cousin of Sir Henry Parkes, came out from England when gumtrees were still growing peacefully in what are now Sydney's busiest streets. He was three times mayor of Newcastle, N.S.W., where he had much to do with converting wastelands into parks.

Her maternal grandfather, William Lock, was an officer on one of the sailing-ships which carried migrants from England to Australia in the reign of Queen Victoria.



"Oh boy, did he have the wrong number! He wanted to talk to the most beautiful girl in the world!"

A bit of a brace woman

THE only woman to run an ironmongery shop in N.S.W. is tiny Miss Nance Collins, of Pennant Hills, who told us that she didn't know one end of a hammer from the other when she started in business six years ago.

"When my first customers arrived I used to hand them a pencil, a piece of notepaper, and say: 'Draw what you want to buy. Then I'll see if it's here.'"

Now Miss Collins identifies such things as auger-bits and bricklayers' dollies for shoppers, sells tools of trade, paints, seedlings, and shrubs, is a member of the Sporting Goods Association, and has an ammunition licence.

"I can cut keys, too," added Miss Collins, who shares a home with her mother. When first trying her hand at key-cutting she made one for her own front door. "But the thing about that," she recalled, "is that, of course, it wouldn't fit."

Nance Collins, just over five feet tall, owns and runs her shop single-handed. In her late 20's, she also enjoys playing chess and the violin, cooking, and owning a Siamese cat.

Staff says it with flowers

STAFF members at David Jones' store, Sydney, scene of the Royal banquet, grew 150 dozen gladioli, 100 dozen dahlias, and 90 dozen roses to decorate the ground floor through which the Queen passed on the evening of the State banquet on her way to the seventh floor banquet hall.

Typifying the spirit of the staff was clerical worker Miss Phyllis Tee, of Eastwood, who told us that she had been up at six in the morning for months past to ensure that the dahlias, roses, zinnias, snapdragons, and greenery were coming along as planned.

Two hundred volunteers from the staff arranged the flowers, which were brought to town by 25 drivers, who offered to work on the day the Queen landed in Sydney.

Shop assistants, wearing old clothes, aprons, and rubber gloves instead of their trim black dresses, arranged flowers under the supervision of the display staff.

Special hormone powder, placed in the water, kept the flowers fresh after they were arranged.

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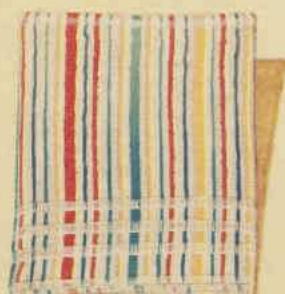
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SPRING SHOWINGS IN PARIS



SKETCHES drawn from descriptions of the Paris couturiers' spring collections. Dior (left, top, and below) stresses jumper suits, and the schoolgirl look in a shirt-waisted frock. Fath's corseted look (centre, top, and below) in an afternoon frock and suit. De Givenchy's gowns (right, top, and below) give a definite suggestion of dresses worn back to front.

"Pretty young woman" look of the Edwardian era

The "pretty young woman" look, inspired by the Edwardian era, is triumphantly proclaimed as high fashion for spring, 1954, in the Parisian couturiers' spring showings.

ELEGANT little jumper suits, sailor suits with wide collars and badges, pert sailor hats and bowlers, bustled evening gowns, and many of the feminine touches seen in old Edwardian photographs are used to achieve the pretty, young look.

Perhaps the most successful collection of the spring showing was that of 28-year-old Hubert de Givenchy. "The line is young," he said, and demonstrated it in jumper suits, princess-line coats, and flowing, printed sheers.

Pierre Balmain and Jacques Fath used baby-blue and sugary pink even for daytime suits. Jean Deses had hardly a thing in his collection which would appeal to anyone over 25. His suits, with pleated skirts and jackets reaching just below the waist, became almost a uniform.

The new Dior girl is something of a young dandy. She is either very chipper in a sailor suit worn with a naval straw boater or matelot tie, or very comfortable in a bloused jacket—rather like the British battledress jacket—and a pleated skirt.

Dior's collection aroused no controversy, but should be commercially very successful.

The young look is achieved in dresses fitting smoothly from bust to hemline. They are generally beltless, but Dior's are cleverly tucked to cling at the waist.

Softness over the bust is often given with fichus of white organdie. At de Givenchy's they fit neatly and are intricately tucked.

When skirts are wide they are almost always pleated—double box pleats, tiny knife pleats spilling from the side of plain panels—but more often skirt fullness and interest are confined to the back. Straight skirts maintain their interest in the daytime with pleating, a cascade of ruffles, or a strategically placed bow.

Bustles back

IN the evening, spring's pretty young woman wears an honest-to-goodness bustle. Sometimes there is an impression that the whole gown is back to front, when chiffon stoles flow down the back from the shoulder to the hemline. Both de Givenchy and Balmain use these backward stoles. Madeline de Rauch's stoles flow from one shoulder in perfect classical style.

Borrowing from the Edwardians doesn't end with the bustle. Hats are boaters, bowlers, or tiny turbans. Dior had bathing-belle hats for cocktails.

One was navy-blue studded with diamante.

In color, navy-blue has come back with a rush, and with it the sailor suit and sailor collar, which is seen everywhere. Dior's sailor suits have jewelled pieces worn on the sleeve like sailor's insignia.

Always an individualist, Dior chose mauve and green in preference to the prevailing pink and blue. There was little red used in the collections, but splashes of orange were popular, and plenty of clear yellow. Although navy-blue was everywhere for daytime, after-five ensembles were still almost uniformly black. It is difficult to imagine Paris using any other color for semi-formal wear.

Cocktail frocks generally follow the slim line of the daytime dress or suit. However, there was sometimes a more romantic feeling in wide, summery organdies and stiff, full satins.

There were some beautiful prints in the collection. Often a slender print frock was covered with an immense taffeta or silk coat. Sometimes a plain frock was worn under a huge print coat.

Many evening dresses follow the slim line, broken with fullness below the knee. Immense ball gowns lavishly embroidered were still shown by Balmain and Maggy Rouff, but de Givenchy and others with a

By
PATRICIA ROLFE,
of our London staff,
who flew to Paris for
the spring showings

younger outlook had almost entirely discarded them in favor of something short, full, and intensely romantic.

A pathetic postscript to the collections was Mademoiselle Chanel's flop in her first showing since the celebrated salon closed down in 1939.

People queued and struggled to get into the vast mirrored salon, and society women gladly sat on the stairs to watch the show.

Everyone wondered what Chanel, who single-handedly had created a fashion era of dropped waistlines, cloche hats, and dangling strings of beads, would do.

Chanel took up exactly where she had left off, as if there had never been a Dior, a Balmain, or a Fath.

The best—or worst—of her dresses were almost fancy dress, so accurately did they reproduce the styles of the 'thirties.

They were not the 'thirties as Dior might cleverly recreate them, but the 'thirties in all their original dreariness of skimpy, longish skirts, horizontally striped material, and evening dresses with meagre frills over the shoulders.

Asked what induced her to make a come-back at 71 years of age, Chanel said, "Just for amusement," but it was generally acknowledged that it was to push the sale of the perfume from which she has become a rich woman.

BIG PRIZES FOR HOUSE PLANS

Architects take lively interest in Family Home Contest

In response to scores of requests we reprint here the qualifications and schedule of requirements for the architects' section of our Family Home Contest, which has aroused great interest in the profession since it was announced in January.

A PREMIUM OF £1000 will be given for the best design for a suitable home for an average Australian family. A £1000 prize will also be awarded for the best ground plan submitted by an amateur. In all more than £3000 will be paid in prizemoney.

The competition has been approved by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects. The promoters are Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, publishers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

The winning design will be built as a scale model and will be exhibited with other placed entries at the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention, 1954, at the Town Hall, Sydney.

Entries in the competition close not later than 12 noon on Friday, March 26, 1954.

Following are conditions governing the competition:

1. QUALIFICATIONS

This section of the competition is open only to the following: Members and student members of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects and to architects registered in any State of the Commonwealth or in the Australian Capital Territory and to students who are attending an architectural school recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects as listed in R.A.I.A. Year Book, 1953.

2. ASSESSORS

The assessors are: Robert S. Demaine, F.R.I.B.A., F.R.A.I.A., President of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, of Melbourne; Mrs. Eric W. Andrew, M.Arch., F.R.A.I.A., A.R.I.B.A., M.A.P.L., of Sydney; and Robin Boyd, A.R.A.I.A., of Melbourne.

Partners, associates and employees of the assessors are not eligible to enter the competition. Members or relatives of members of the staff of Consolidated Press are also ineligible.

3. QUESTIONS

In this competition there will be no questions or answers.

4. ANONYMITY

A competitor shall not communicate with any of the assessors with respect to any matter associated with this competition or with the proprietors or any employee of *The Australian Women's Weekly* in respect of this competition.

5. PREMIUMS

The following are the premiums which will be paid to the successful competitors at a presentation during the week of the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention in May or within eight weeks after the publication of the award.

For the design placed first: £1000.

Five other premiums of £100 each.

6. ALTERNATIVE DESIGNS

A competitor may submit more than one design, but each must be submitted as a separate entry and be packed separately, together with its separate guarantee of authorship.

7. GUARANTEE OF AUTHORSHIP

Each design shall be accompanied by a declaration, signed by the competitor, or joint competitors, stating that the design is his or their work, and that the drawings have been prepared under his or their own supervision. A successful competitor must be prepared to satisfy the assessors that he is the bona fide author of the design he has submitted.

8. SUBMISSION AND CLOSING DATE

Each design clearly marked "House Design, Architects' Section," but which shall bear no other distinguishing mark, shall be delivered under cover to the Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, not later than 12 noon on Friday, March 26, 1954. Where delivery addresses are necessary the package shall be enclosed in an outside wrapping for delivery purposes. The envelope referred to under "Guarantee of Authorship" is to be attached to the external face of the inner package so that it may be readily detached as soon as the outside wrapping marked with the delivery names and addresses is taken away and before the inner package is passed to the assessors.

9. DISQUALIFICATION

A design shall be disqualified from the competition if in the opinion of the assessors:

(a) It exceeds the limit of the site.

(b) It does not provide substantially the accommodation prescribed.

(c) It is received after the time of the closing of the competition: accidents and delays arising from causes beyond the control of the competitor (of which the assessors shall be sole judges) excepted.

(d) It is not drawn and submitted substantially in the manner prescribed.

(e) Its author shall disclose his identity or attempt to influence the decision.

10. PUBLICATION OF AWARD

The award shall be published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* within four weeks from the date of the closing of the competition, accidents, sickness or the like cause excepting.

11. AWARD TO BE BINDING

The award of the assessors shall be final and binding on the promoters and the competitors.

12. EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS

The drawings of the six premiated designs and a model of the winning design will be exhibited for approximately two weeks in the Convention Exhibition at the Lower Town Hall, Sydney.

It is hoped to make arrangements for the exhibition of all the other drawings during Convention Week.

13. USE OF DESIGNS

The promoters shall have the exclusive right to publish any of the designs submitted. A fee of 10 guineas shall be paid by the promoters to the author of each design published, except to the authors of the premiated designs.

14. RETURN OF DRAWINGS

At the conclusion of the exhibition, competitors may, by arrangement with the promoters, collect their drawings, but any drawings not collected by June 30, 1954, will be destroyed.

15. LIABILITY

The promoters will take reasonable care of the drawings and each drawing will be insured against loss for the sum of £20 while in their custody, but they will undertake no further liability in the event of loss or damage.

Schedule of Requirements

1. REQUIREMENTS

(a) The house shall consist of not less than 12 squares nor more than 20 squares and may be one or more stories high.

(b) The square area must include all wall thicknesses but external staircases, ramps, garages, carports, terraces, porches, and verandahs shall not be included in the square area. The areas of internal staircases and ramps shall be measured and included in the square area of the floors which they serve.

(c) The house shall contain all the usual offices and at least 2 bedrooms together with a single garage or a carport.

(d) No living room or bedroom shall be less than 100 square feet in area, inclusive of cupboards.

(e) The sizes of kitchen and bathroom are left to the discretion of the competitor.

(f) Laundry facilities must be included, but a separate room for laundry may or may not be provided at the discretion of the competitor.

(g) In any room the average ceiling height must not be less than 8ft. 6in.

2. MATERIALS

The house may be designed in any materials and the competitor shall include on his drawing a brief schedule of materials proposed. No further report or estimate of cost is required.

3. REGULATIONS

The competitor is not bound by any building regulations, but every part of the design must be within the site.

4. FURNITURE

The competitor must show the layout of furniture and/or equipment in each room.

5. LAYOUT OF SITE

The competitor is required to plan the whole site and in the case of a country house the home grounds.

THE PREMIUMS

Professional Section

For the best design entered £1000

Five premiums of £100 for plan judged next best

THE PRIZES

Amateur Section

First prize for floor plan £1000

Three prizes of £100 each for plan judged next best

Progress Awards of £5

Amateurs, please fold your plans

Hundreds of entries in the Amateur Section of the Family Home Contest are still pouring in, enclosed in heavy cardboard cylinders or other packing, buried in yards of brown paper and tied with still more yards of string and cellulose tape.

Competitors are understandably proud of their efforts, and the originality of many has impressed the assessors, but as all entries must be folded flat, the rolled and tightly tied plans add enormously to the work of opening and registering the entries.

PLEASE note that ground plans should be drawn on paper 22in. x 15in., enclosed folded in an envelope and sealed in the ordinary way.

Entries received to date are of a particularly high standard, and it is evident that entire families are competing. Some pool their ideas, others send separate entries.

Certain features of the plans are a guide to the age and interests of the competitors, but it is the originality of thought in many which fascinates the assessors.

Simple, uncluttered drawings are most acceptable. In scanning hundreds, clear out-

lines are a great help. Skill in drawing does not affect the chances of competitors in this section of the contest.

The simple floor plan required could be drawn by a child, and some commendable entries have been received from schoolchildren.

Many competitors are still phoning or writing about garage floor space. This is excluded if the garage is used only to house a car. If a shower or lavatory is included the floor space utilised should be added to the total area of the floor plan.

Here are the requirements and conditions for amateurs. The contest closes on March 26.

HOW TO ENTER

Amateur Section

• Exclusive publication rights in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

• Entries should be addressed to the Editor, *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, and should be marked Family Home Contest.

• Entrants are required to draw the ground plan of a three-bedroom home for a family of five with the sizes of the rooms indicated and the positions of windows and doors marked.

• The house shall not contain

more than 1600 square feet of floor area on one or more stories, excluding terraces, porches, verandahs, and garage.

• Site of the home is a corner block of land with an 80ft. street frontage facing east and 100ft. street frontage facing north.

• The position of the main items of furniture in each room must be shown.

• Draw your plan on one piece of paper, not larger than 22in. x 15in. Smaller sheets may be used.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

Please read the following conditions carefully to ascertain if you are eligible to compete.

• No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter the amateur section of this competition.

• Finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architec-

tural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

• No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter the contest.

• Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of entries received. The decision of the judges will be final, and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

DRESS SENSE

Here is a round-up of fashion news from other countries.

by
**Betty
Keep**

D.S.74.—Short-cut coat in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense" Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



NEW YORK: Brief jackets, none longer than hip-length, have been promoted strongly for autumn wear.

The color of the jacket is used as an accent and does not dominate the entire costume, or the jacket may be made in a companion fabric and color to a dress.

The sketch above is an example of this type of jacket. It is designed with a rounded collar, hangs smartly without fastenings, and has two pockets and a contrasting binding.

A paper pattern for the design may be obtained in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See caption beside sketch for further details and how to order.

In the same city, small furs as an accessory or a trimming are high fashion. Accessories showing include a mink flower with rhinestone centre and kid leaves; a choir-boy collar in leopard, with a shaped matching belt; and small disc hats of white or dark mink worn flat on top of the head, with a matching face-covering veil.

CALIFORNIA: Sunset, as a color, makes an important appearance in bulky knit fashions for resort wear. Sunset is best described as a warm golden orange shade which will blend with any of the many nasturtium tones. With white it makes a high fashion color combination, and with black or beige the effect is unusual. So far sunset is restricted to resort wear only.

trim. The rose is generally placed centre front.

MILAN, ITALY: Middy blouses made in dyed lambskin are a feature of the 1954-55 winter collection of Murs. The blouses are low-necked and sleeveless and are designed to be worn over sweaters with turtle necks and bat-wing sleeves. The lambskin is in navy and light blue, pink, beige, or light grey, and the sweaters are made of dark or light colored wool for a good contrast with the fur.

Also featured in the collection are striped sweaters and plain cardigans, the stripes made fancier by small dots. The cardigans are in a darker tone.

SCOTLAND: Fabrics that sparkle and shimmer are descriptions that can be applied to new tweeds for winter 1954-55, now being produced at mills in manufacturing centres of the Scottish woollen industry. There is still a great interest in materials with surface interest, and color trends tend to throw brilliant, lively shades against dark, sombre hues.

FRANKFURT, GERMANY: Mura, a new fur-bearing animal developed by a German breeder, is producing fur pelts which are said to outwear ermine and to look just as glamorous. Each pelt is approximately 18in. long and 2in. to 3in. wide, and is available in five colors, including pure white, fox-blue, and a light, golden, warm brown with a grey sheen flecked with silver hairs.

A full-length coat would cost about one-fifth of the price of an ermine coat the same size.

You'll feel lovelier
in a **'Celanese'**
Acetate beauty fabric...

A Royal Family of fabrics, indeed, designed for every occasion in your life! These are the luxuriously soft fabrics that drape perfectly, move with your body's movements, are stretch and wrinkle resisting.

Exquisite **'Celanese'** Acetate lingerie fabrics, dress fabrics for all occasions and wonderful washables for your summer skirts and blouses.



Dreaming or doing

Falling in love is probably the most important experience in life—and the most wonderful. But despite the volumes of poetry that have been written about it, love isn't a miracle: one has to work for it or risk missing it altogether.

NO one ever breathed who didn't want to fall in love sometime, and it's exhilarating to feel that tonight, tomorrow, next week you may meet the one who's going to make all the difference—the one you've been day-dreaming about for quite a while.

The psychologists have some weighty things to say about day-dreaming. Psychologists are like that. They're always making grave, disconcerting pronouncements.

Don't let them worry you. They worry too many people as it is.

There's nothing wrong with day-dreaming about love or anything else. It's a pleasant, if impractical, way of thinking about the future.

Of course you can carry the thing too far.

Suppose you're the kind of person who's strong on imagination, the kind who can't help throwing yourself right into the thick of the book you're reading or the movie you're seeing. You may even get a lot of fun out of inventing new situations for the story, with yourself in the star part.

That's not abnormal. It could mean you're heading for a literary career. But you're reaching the danger point socially if you let your dream world become so fascinating that you lose interest in real people and real things.

Then it's time to shout, "Whoa!", time to grab the reins hard and pull up. Your snow-white steed is heading for an enchanted country that doesn't exist.

You've read about this dream country. In the old days they called it "Far Cathay."

If you're bent on travelling to Far Cathay, all right. But before you decide that it's the only worthwhile place, how

about giving the home base a chance?

You may complain that you never meet anyone interesting. Do you really try? If the boys and girls in your circle aren't like those who inhabit the shores of the enchanted country, isn't it partly your own fault?

Isn't it just another way of saying, "People aren't good enough for me?"

A "Far Cathayer" expects too much of everyone, but she—if it is a she—expects

say the perfectionists, adding silently, "Then everything would be all right."

It can never be all right while their own outlook is all wrong.

No two people are "made for each other." There are just people who like each other and people who don't.

You haven't got to go to Far Cathay—or Hollywood—to find the kind you can feel at home with.

You haven't even got to be good-looking or clever; just ordinarily nice with an ordinary appreciation of your fellow beings, and the cheerful habit of making the best of what you have and what you are.

If you're inclined to dream too much about how lovely it would be to live in some romantic-sounding place over the seas, try giving yourself a "Here and Now" test. Ask yourself whether you're getting all you can out of every day—your school, your work, your social contacts.

And the next time you see your favorite movie star and catch yourself wishing John or Bill was like that, decide to take more trouble finding out what John or Bill really is like.

"But," you argue, "how do I get to know people? I'm terribly shy." Well, everyone else is shy, too; even the ones who don't appear to be. Others need encouragement and sympathy, the feeling that someone wants to understand them better, just as much as you do.

To recognise this is to begin acquiring the tolerance that will make others want to know you. It takes patience, but in the end you'll be surprised how interesting some of the real-life people in your part of the world are.

You may even discover that the boy you thought so gauche at the party last night is in fact rather like the one you've been seeing in your dreams.

A bachelor's opinion:

THE BRUSH-OFF

WHO hasn't been jilted at least once!

It's pretty horrible to have your beautiful illusion shattered, to be left feeling unwanted, unloved, without a hope in the world.

But time mends even broken hearts. Often the jilted realise that perhaps the hand of fortune didn't deal such a knockout after all.

Friends weren't so "biased," apparently, when they used to say the two of you didn't have much in common.

The old saying, "There's plenty of fish in the sea" is as true today as it was when it was first thought of—and as comforting.

the impossible of the boy who singles her out for attention.

With her preconceived notions she thrusts on him all the qualities of her dream hero: charm, chivalry, unselfishness, courage, generosity, and is disappointed when the poor fellow can't live up to them.

For, though at first he may like the role of knight errant, in no time he'll be feeling so uncomfortable that he'll slip out of his shining armor and find another girl who accepts him as he is—an honest-to-goodness human being.

The first girl is hurt, but she doesn't learn a thing from the experience. Being a perfectionist, she goes on believing that somewhere in the world is a young man who will understand her without her having to make the effort to understand him.

"If only I had money I could leave home and travel,"

DISC DIGEST

a musical confectioner, but who is there nowadays to woo with such rich melody? As might be expected, Mantovani and his Orchestra do an exciting job, and the recording quality is very close to the standard expected from microgrooves.

"UNA VOCE POCO FA."

Don't groan and say, "What, another recording of that aria from 'The Barber of Seville'?" This time the artist is the remarkable Victoria de los Angeles, and EC204 is a 10-inch disc which will thrill every opera-lover and add to the multitude of Angeles' ad-

mirers. The Spanish soprano is supported by the Milan Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Tullio Serafin.

A 12-INCH record that will be eagerly sought by collectors of the more popular classics is EB575: Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," from "Gioconda," and played by the Boston Promenade Orchestra under the trusty Arthur Fiedler. I hate myself because the finale always reminds me of a horse-race newsreel. But we have to blame the movies for that, not the composer—and certainly not Fiedler, who can always be counted on for a good presentation.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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So safe... you'll want to use it always

RICHARD COLLETT, baritone lead in the Australian production of "South Pacific," has recorded locally on EA4133 two songs timed to celebrate the Royal tour: "To Elizabeth" and "God Bless Elizabeth." Collett, who is out here on leave from the Swedish Royal Opera, has a splendid voice and sounds even better on disc than on stage. He is supported by a chorus and orchestra conducted by Stanley Whitehouse.

THOSE who enjoy the tuneful light music of Victor Herbert will have a wonderful time with Y6511, which brackets "Habanera" and "Sweethearts." Some may accuse Herbert of having been



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Berger PAINTS KEEP ON KEEPING ON

DALI SCULPTS IN DIAMONDS

● Twenty-one pieces of jewelled sculpture, the work of the Spanish surrealist, Salvador Dali, will go on tour through Britain, the United States, and South America in April of this year.

ONE of the outstanding pieces of the collection is the "Coronation Heart" shown on this page. Dali designed this jewelled sculpture in honor of the Queen's Coronation last year.

The sculpture, which is worth about 35,000 dollars, has a heart-shaped outer shell of softly finished nugget gold, opening upon a smaller heart of rubies. The inside heart "beats" realistically by means of a small electric mechanism hidden in the base. A replica of the Coronation Crown is fitted on to the top of the jewel.

The work, says Dali, is symbolic of the large heart of the British Empire surrounding the smaller, gently beating one of the young Queen.

A significant work in the collection is "The Light of Christ."

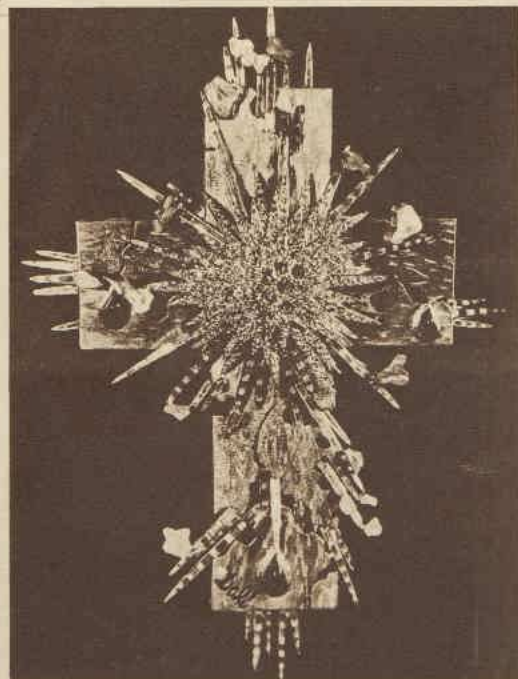
This is a shattered gold cross illumined by a sunburst explosion of 600 diamonds. The rays of the sunburst pierce the cross and three rubies symbolise three drops of the Precious Blood.

Dali's dramatic designs were executed by the New York jewellers, Aitman and Ertmann.

The 21 pieces were bought recently by the Gathers-Wood Foundation, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, U.S. The Foundation has commissioned Dali to create two new pieces a year until 1957.



CORONATION HEART was created by the Spanish surrealist Salvador Dali in honor of the Queen's Coronation in Westminster Abbey, London, last year.



SALVADOR DALI masterpiece "The Light of Christ" is a gold cross with 600 diamonds. Rubies on the cross symbolise Christ's blood.



REPLICA of the Coronation Crown, which is the jewel surmounting the Coronation Heart. An electric mechanism makes the heart beat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 24, 1954

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HERE'S YOUR SONG!



NEIL WILLIAMS, stage and radio baritone who co-stars in our radio show, "Here's Your Song," in a typical singing pose.

★ Our new radio show, "Here's Your Song," will be heard on the air over eight radio stations on an interstate network. See schedule below.



COMBINATION LEADER Gus Merzi (with piano-accordion) rehearsing with Don Andrews (left), electric guitarist, Al Vinca, vibraphonist, and Wally Wickham, bass player.



LILY CONNORS, woman star of "Here's Your Song," has appeared in television in America, where she conducted her own show.

Popular young Australians, singers Lily Connors and Neil Williams, are stars of "Here's Your Song," and combination leader Gus Merzi and his three fellow quartet members supply music and accompaniments in the song-packed 15 minutes.

IN Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and New South Wales, the session featuring at least six songs with top-line listening appeal will be heard on Thursday evenings. In Tasmania the show will be heard on Saturday nights, and in Western Australia on Monday nights.

The schedule at the foot of the page shows the time and stations for each State.

Lily Connors and Neil Williams will each sing two songs, and they will give two duets. These will be popular numbers of today for the young people and some old favorites that will take their parents back to well-loved hit tunes that have survived through the years.

One of the songs each week will be an Australian composition, such as "Dorriga," shortly to be released on disc.

The two young stars of the show have each sung their way to success, and Gus Merzi has won fame for himself with his "box" playing and quartet leading.

Lily Connors brings to the show a light, easy singing style which she developed during her two years of television and stage appearances in America.

At 17, when she went to the United States, she was already a veteran in show business.

She was four when she started out as a dancer in her home town, Cessnock, N.S.W. "But it wasn't till I was 11 and started singing that I knew that was what I most wanted to do," she said.

Lily made her radio debut on Australia's Amateur Hour, singing in the Western hillbilly style which later made her popular in America.

At 12 she was appearing on theatre circuits and radio shows, singing to her own guitar accompaniment.

When she went to America

she said she "didn't dare dream that Americans would want to hear me."

She had been in Hollywood only a week or so when she was asked to appear in the top-line "Spade Cooley Show," and had her first experience of television.

After that she was offered a spot to work up a show of her own featuring Australian songs and talks about life "down under." The show ran for six months.

Famous names

ARTISTS with whom Lily appeared during her visit included Horace Heidt and Don Ameche. Of Ameche she says:

"He was just the sweetest person to work with. We rehearsed for only half an hour before we went on, but in that time he put me at my ease."

Her next big thrill was appearing with Red Skelton in his stage show. "He's just as funny off stage as he is on," said Lily; "he is a natural comic."

Lily's co-star, Neil Williams, at 24, is one of Australia's best known and most popular singers of stage and radio.

He now has a rich baritone

voice, but he started his singing career as a boy soprano in the local church choir.

When he was 18, the minister advised him to take lessons, and, rather against his will, Neil did. He had always believed that the natural voice was the thing.

"It was the best thing I ever did," he admits now.

Still singing with the choir, he studied whenever he could, but spent his working hours as an apprentice toolmaker.

Neil got his first professional chance when he appeared on the Amateur Hour in 1949 and was engaged for the chorus in "Where's Charley?" at the Melbourne Tivoli Theatre.

Since then he has worked his way into many successful shows on the Tivoli Circuit in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

When he was 21 he had the baritone role in Sydney's biggest oratorio production, "Olivet to Calvary," which he sang before an audience of 1300.

He hopes to do further oratorio and opera work.

Gus Merzi, who leads the show's musical combination, is well known for his original solos on piano-accordion,

piano, and celeste, and has packed more experience into his 26 years than many Australian musicians of twice his age.

For some years he had led his own quintet in theatres, night-clubs, and on the air; they had built up a style of their own and were keen to compare it with small combinations in America.

They did a two months' tour of the United States, and Gus appeared on television in the Fred Allen Show.

New on air

HIS quartet for "Here's Your Song" is being heard on the air for the first time, but they have been playing together at jazz concerts, night-clubs, and for recordings for many years.

Youngest member is Don Andrews, 24, an electric guitarist who has played with Jim Gussey, Fred Hartley, and Jay Wilbur, and has had his own radio trio on the A.B.C.

Bass player Wally Wickham, 29, is a jazz concert veteran who has played with Gus for three years, and with most of Sydney's well-known bands.

One of Australia's leading vibraphonists, Al Vinca is the 30-year-old veteran of the group.

Al has had his own combinations, plays with the A.B.C. Dance Band, doubles on piano and drums, and is well known for his stylish improvisations.

"Here's Your Song" network

STATION	TIME	Com. Date
Sydney 2GB	7.15 p.m. Thursday	February 25
Melbourne 3AW	7.15 p.m. Thursday	February 25
Maryborough . . . /CV	7.15 p.m. Thursday	February 25
Brisbane 4BH	6.30 p.m. Thursday	February 25
Adelaide 5DN	6.45 p.m. Thursday	February 25
Perth 6IX	6.45 p.m. Monday	March 8
Katanning /WB	6.45 p.m. Monday	March 8
Merredin /MD	6.45 p.m. Monday	March 8
Bridgetown /BY	6.45 p.m. Monday	March 8
Hobart 7HO	7.15 p.m. Saturday	February 27
Launceston 7LA	7.15 p.m. Saturday	February 27

The Bridesmaid Who Forgot

A romantic short story by FRANCES RICHARDSON

WHEN Miles came to London he stayed at Craig's Hotel because it was pleasant to be greeted by a staff who had greeted his father and even his grandfather before him. Craig's took a dignified pride in not being up-to-date, and this suited their clients, who were apt to appear in the oddest of old clothes worn with an air of the calmest assurance.

The little girl, for instance, talking to old Gibbs, the hall porter. Miles was not the kind of young man who is well informed on women's clothes, but even he felt that the blue patterned frock suggested tea at a country vicarage rather than an evening in Park Lane. And none the worse for that, he was thinking, as old Gibbs caught his eye.

There was perplexed entreaty in the porter's glance. It took a great deal to floor him, Miles knew, so he strolled towards the pair of them.

"Excuse me, sir," said Gibbs, and the girl swung round. She had the funniest little face, he thought, looking down at its small, blunt features, large blue eyes, short light brown hair that fluffed unfashionably, and a skin so smooth that he wanted to stroke it.

"The lady is asking how many churches there are in London," explained Gibbs with a deprecating glance. "And, what with the blitz, sir—well, it's hard to say."

"I expect we could find out," said Miles cheerfully. "Were you wanting to see them all?"

"Oh, I hope not, but—" She hesitated and threw a doubtful glance at Gibbs.

"Suppose we sit down," Miles suggested. "Then you can tell me."

So Gibbs rather thankfully returned to his duties, and the girl sat down and looked at Miles trustfully.

"I gathered that you didn't want to explain to Gibbs," he said.

"He knows my father," she confided. "It makes it complicated." Her voice was as amusing as the rest of her; a husky little voice. "I only want one church, really, but—" The voice trailed off.

"St. Mark's is just round the corner," Miles hazarded.

She considered St. Mark's, then shook her head. "It wasn't him."

The lurking humor in Miles' dark eyes deepened, but the natural austerity of his young features seemed to reassure her for, after a glance at them, she went on: "I've come up to London to be a bridesmaid, and I've forgotten where." After a pause, "Isn't it difficult?"

"Ring up the bride," said Miles, swallowing his laughter. "She'll know."

"That's just it! Jean, that's the bride, is staying with an aunt. Her father's in the Control Commission, so they live in Germany. That's where she met Ian, and it's all been rather rushed because of Ian's leave, but they wanted to be married in London so that all their friends would come.

"Jean's my cousin, actually, only this isn't my aunt. And I didn't say where I'd be staying. Though, as a matter of fact, my family always stays here."

"What shall I do?"

"Ring up the aunt," said Miles helpfully.

"Oh, yes, I thought of that, but I don't know the address. Jean wrote from Germany."

"It'll be in the book. What's the aunt's name?" said Miles kindly. "I'll look it up."

"Scott," mournfully. "There are six pages of them. And I don't know her Christian name. She's called Aunt Bunny."

They gazed at each other for a moment. Then the girl smiled shyly, and Miles thought that she really was the dearest little soul, but why didn't she make a trunk call to her own home? What had that odd remark about her father meant, a minute ago? Aloud he suggested:

"If I say the names of a few churches, do you think one might ring a bell?"

She shook her head. "It was one of those ordinary names you're always hearing, and I was too excited at being asked to be a bridesmaid to take particular notice of the church. Of course, I meant to keep Jean's letter, but"—she astonished him by flushing scarlet—"it got torn up."

There was plainly some mystery about it, and Miles wondered if this were actually an elopement and she herself the bride.

The violence of his recoil from this notion surprised him. He was reassured, however, when he

met her candid eyes. She could never have invented that stuff about Aunt Bunny and Cousin Jean.

"We might ring up some churches in the morning," he said. "I doubt if we'd get an answer now."

"But the wedding's tomorrow morning! At eleven o'clock. I remember that. And I shan't sleep a wink if I've not found the church."

"Then think. Did your cousin say anything about it besides the name? Did it strike you as being a church you'd seen?"

"It couldn't. I've never been to London before," she said simply. "That's partly why I was excited, of course. Jean did say"—she looked at Miles doubtfully—"that Laurie would like it, and what a pity she couldn't be there. But that must have been Jean's joke. Laurie is my dog and goes everywhere. She sits outside, of course, when she goes to church."

"Of course!" Miles ejaculated.

Then it struck him that it would be delightful to show London to this funny little girl, so he said

To page 46

"I've come up to London to be a bridesmaid," the girl told Miles confidently, "but I don't know which church."



Illustrated by

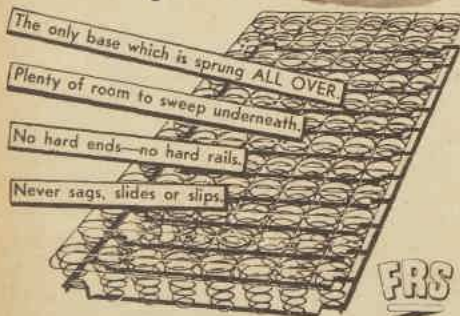
John Fisher

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SAMPSON WARRENBY, solicitor and most unpopular man in the village of Thornden, has been found shot dead in the garden of his home, Fox House, CHIEF INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY, of Scotland Yard, with his assistant, INSPECTOR HARBOTTLE, has been sent to take over the case at the request of COLONEL SCALES, Chief Constable of the neighboring town of Bellingham.

Persons involved include MAVIS WARRENBY, the dead man's niece; MISS PATTERDALE, of Fox Cottage, to whom she rushed with news of the murder; ABIGAIL DEARHAM, Miss Patterdale's niece; SQUIRE and MRS. AINSTABLE; the REVEREND ANTHONY CLIBURN and his wife; MAJOR and MRS. MIDGE-HOLME; MR. and MRS. HENRY HASWELL and their

son CHARLES; THADDEUS DRYBECK, solicitor; cynical author GAVIN PLENMELLER.

Several of these people have confided suspicions of the others to the Chief Inspector. He discovers that, as most of them were on the way home from a tennis party at the Haswells' at the time of the murder, nearly all of them had an opportunity to commit it. Also, they nearly all possess rifles of the type that killed Warrenby.

A popular local theory is that LADISLAS, a Pole, said to be courting Mavis Warrenby, is the murderer. Hemingway, however, is more impressed by information that a young couple, KENELM and DELIA LINDALE, of Rushford Farm, are suspiciously stand-offish. He decides to pay them a visit. NOW READ ON:

DETECTION UNLIMITED

THE Chief Inspector was taken to Thornden by the young constable who had driven him there on the previous day; but, since Rushford Farm was his first objective, Constable Melkinthorpe took the right fork out of Bellingham, which led to Hawkshead. This road, after a few miles, intersected the common north of the Trindale road, and about a quarter of a mile before it reached Rushford passed the squire's gravel-pit.

Men were working there. Hemingway asked whose men they were, and Melkinthorpe replied with the name of a local firm, adding that they did say that Mr. Ainstable made quite a good thing out of it.

Constable Melkinthorpe, who was enjoying his present assignment more than any that had previously fallen to him and dreamed of vague heroic deeds, turned circumspectly into the rather narrow entrance to Rushford Farm and asked hopefully if the Chief Inspector wanted him to go with him into the house.

"Not unless you hear me scream," said Hemingway, getting out of the car. "Then, of course, you'll come in double-quick to rescue me." He slammed the car door and paused for a moment, surveying the house before him, which was a rambling, picturesque building set in a small garden, and with its farm buildings clustered to one side of it. The front door stood open on to a flagged passage.

Hemingway had to knock twice before he could get a response. Then Mrs. Lindale came running down the uncarpeted oaken stairway, hastily untying an apron as she descended and casting it aside. "Sorry!" she said. "My daily has gone into Bellingham to get the rations and I couldn't come down before. Do you want Mr. Lindale?"

"Well, I should like a word with him, madam," said Hemingway. "My name's Hemingway—Chief Inspector, C.I.D. Perhaps you'd like to have my card."

She made no attempt to take it but stood in the doorway as though she would have denied him ingress. "We've already had one detective here today! What on earth can you want? Why do you come badgering us? My husband was barely acquainted with Mr. Warrenby. I think it's the limit."

"I'm bound to say it must be a nuisance for you," admitted Hemingway. "But if we weren't allowed to make inquiries we wouldn't get much farther, would we?"

"Neither my husband nor I can possibly be of any use to you," she said impatiently. "What is it you want to know?"

"Oh, I just want to ask you both a few questions," he replied. "May I come in?"

She seemed to hesitate and then, reluctantly, stood aside for him to pass, saying ungraciously, as she pushed open a door on the right of the passage: "Oh, all right! Go in there, will you? I'll send to fetch my husband." She walked away down the passage, and could be heard a minute later shouting to one Walter to tell the master he was wanted up at the house.

When she came back to the sitting-room she still wore a defensive look but said, with a perfunctory smile: "Sorry if I bit your head off, but, really, it's a bit much. We've already told the police all we know about what happened on Saturday, and the answer is nothing. I left the Cedars just after half-past six and came straight back here to put my baby to bed. I can't tell you the exact moment when my husband left; he was still playing tennis when I went away, but I happen to know he wasn't anywhere near Fox Lane when Mr. Warrenby was shot."

"Ah, that's a bit of evidence the local police must have forgotten to give me," Hemingway said affably. "It's a good job I came. How do you happen to know it, madam?"

"Because he was down by the water-meadows," she replied, boldly meeting his eyes. "I saw him there!"

"You did?" said Hemingway, all polite interest.

A NOTE that was half triumph, half challenge came into Mrs. Lindale's voice. She said, "I'll take you up and show you the window, if you like, you can see the water-meadows from one of the attics. I happened to run up for something—we keep a lot of junk stored in the attics—and I distinctly saw my husband."

She paused and added: "I'm sure I told the other detective when he first came to see us! I'd be ready to swear I did!"

"I don't doubt that for a moment," said Hemingway. "Or you might have had your reasons for not telling Sergeant Carsethorn at the time."

"What possible reason could I have had?"

"Well, I don't know, but perhaps you hadn't realised, when the sergeant first called on you, that you could see the water-meadows from that attic window," suggested Hemingway.

Her color rose, flaming into her naturally pale face. "Of course I knew it! If I didn't tell the sergeant—but I'm nearly sure I did—it must have been because I was so shocked and startled by the news that Mr. Warrenby had been shot that it momentarily slipped my mind."

"What brought it back to your mind, if I may ask?"

"When I had time to think—going

back over what I did after I got home on Saturday—" She broke off, her knuckles whitening as she gripped her thin hands together.

Hemingway shook his head. "You shouldn't have kept it from the sergeant when he came to pick up your husband's rifle this morning."

"If you like to come upstairs you can see for yourself."

"I don't disbelieve you," said Hemingway, adding apologetically: "That you can see the water-meadows from the attic, I mean."

There was a moment's silence.

"I can tell you now that you're wasting your time," Delia Lindale broke out fiercely. "We hardly knew Mr. Warrenby, and we can't tell you anything! Why don't you ask Mr. Ainstable what he did after he parted from my husband on Saturday? Why didn't he go home in the car with his wife? Why did he suddenly decide to visit his plantation? I suppose, just because the Ainstables have lived here for centuries, they're above suspicion. Like Gavin Plennmeller. You might find out what he was up to, instead of coming here to badger me. Why shouldn't it have been he? He loathed Mr. Warrenby. Ask Miss Patterdale if it isn't true that he said stairs would have to be taken to get rid of him."

She went on, even more fiercely: "I was standing beside her when he said it, at a cocktail party the Ainstables gave last month, and so was Mr. Cliburn. The Warrenbys were both at the party, and I can tell you this: everyone was saying how extraordinary it was of the squire to have invited them, particularly when he knew that Mr. Warrenby was pretty well barred in the neighborhood." "Why was that?" inquired Hemingway.

"Because he was a bounder, I suppose. The sort of person the Ainstables look down their noses at. They don't welcome Tom, Dick, and Harry to Old Place, I assure you. In fact, I'm dead sure Mrs. Ainstable wouldn't have called on me if it hadn't been for Miss Patterdale asking her to. She as good as said so, I—I don't want to try to cast suspicion on anyone, but I do wonder whether Mr. Warrenby had some sort of a hold over the squire. Since this happened, I've naturally thought about it a good deal—all sorts of little incidents which—at the time—I didn't attach any importance to—"

"Such as?" interpolated Hemingway.

"Oh, Mr. Ainstable trying to get my husband to back Warrenby for the River Board lawyer, for instance. I can't see what it matters who gets the job, but no one but the squire wanted it to be Warrenby. And I wonder why the squire wanted him instead of Mr. Drybeck? Mr. Drybeck is his own solicitor, and an

Fourth instalment of our mystery serial
By **GEORGETTE HEYER**

old friend, and he wants the appointment, too."

The sound of a firm step on the flagged passage made her break off and turn her head towards the door. Kenelm Lindale came into the room, a slight frown between his eyes. He was dressed in ancient grey slacks and a colored shirt open at the throat, and he looked to be both hot and annoyed.

"Police?" he said shortly.

"It's a Chief Inspector from Scotland Yard," his wife warned him. "I've told him we can't help him."

He dug a handkerchief out of his trouser pocket and wiped his face and the back of his neck.

"All right," he said, looking at Hemingway. "What is it you want to know? We've started to cut the hay, so I shall be glad if you can make it snappy."

"I just want to check up on your evidence, sir," said Hemingway mendaciously. "We do have to be so careful. Now, I think you said you left that tennis party at about ten to seven, didn't you?"

"As near as I can make it, I don't know exactly, but I think it was about then. Mr. Ainstable and I left together, by the garden gate. He may know when it was. I haven't asked him."

"When did you part from Mr. Ainstable, sir?"

"Couple of minutes later, I suppose. He turned off into his new plantation, which runs behind the Cedars. I went on. You'll see that one of my farm gates opens on to the road opposite the footpath leading to the village. It's about a hundred yards up the road from here. I came in by that gate and went to see how my chaps had got on with a job I set them to do in one of my water-meadows. I was in the house by half-past seven; that I do know, because I happened to look at the clock in the passage."

"Oh, darling, were you going by the grandfather?" said Mrs. Lindale quickly. "I thought you were relying on your watch. That clock was ten minutes fast; I put it right when I wound it up yesterday. I'm sorry; I ought to have told you, but I didn't know you were going by it."

Her husband looked at her and, after a tiny pause, said lamely: "Oh!" He went to the fireplace and selected a pipe from a collection on the mantelpiece and took the lid off an old-fashioned tobacco-jar. As he began to fill the pipe, his eyes on his task, the frown deepened on his brow.

"I don't think it can have been as fast as all that, Delia," he said deliberately. "I could hardly have been down to the water-meadows and got back here by twenty past seven."

She swallowed. "No, of course not. Which is why I should think you really left the Cedars earlier than ten to seven. Time's so deceptive, and when you've got no particular reason for looking at your watch..." Her voice tailed off uncertainly, and she did not finish the sentence.

"And did you happen to notice what the time was when you saw Mr. Lindale down in the water-meadow, madam?" asked Hemingway, his eyes not on her face, but on her husband's.

Lindale looked up quickly. "What's this?"

"Kenelm, you know I told you I'd caught sight of you from the attic window."

If Lindale felt exasperation, no hint of it appeared in his face. He put an arm affectionately about Delia and hugged her slightly.

"You silly child," he said, "you mustn't try to mislead the police, you know. You'll get had up for

being an accessory after the fact, won't she, Chief Inspector?"

"Well, I might charge her with trying to obstruct me in the exercise of my duties," agreed Hemingway.

Lindale laughed. "Hear that? Now, you go and attend to Rose-Veronica before you get yourself into trouble. She was making a spirited attempt to tip the pram up when I came in."

"But, Kenelm—"

"You don't want my wife, do you, Chief Inspector?" Lindale interrupted.

"No, sir, not at the moment."

"Then you trot off, darling, and leave me to have a talk with the Chief Inspector," Lindale said, propelling her gently but firmly to the door.

She looked up at him, a little flushed, her mouth unsteady. Then she jerked out, "All right!" and left the room.

Lindale shut the door behind her and turned to look at Hemingway.

"Sorry about that," he said. "My wife is not only extremely highly strung, but she's also firmly convinced that anyone not provided with a cast-iron alibi must instantly become a red-hot suspect in the eyes of the police. Queer things, women!"

"I could see Mrs. Lindale was very nervous," said Hemingway non-committally.

"As a matter of fact, she's very shy," explained Lindale. "And she didn't like Warrenby. I can't make her believe that that doesn't constitute a reason for suspecting either of us of having shot him."

"Do I take it that you didn't like him either, sir?"

"No, I didn't like him. No one here did. Bit of an outsider, you know. Not that we ever had much to do with him. We don't go out much; no time for it."

"I understand you haven't lived here long?"

"No, we're newcomers. I bought this place only a couple of years ago."

"It must be a change from stock-broking," remarked Hemingway.

"After the war I couldn't settle down to the Stock Exchange again. I did have a shot at it, but, what with one thing and another, I was thankful to get out. Things aren't what they were." He struck a match and began to light his pipe.

"That chap—don't remember what his name is—who came to pick up my .22 this morning? I take it you want to test it, and I've no objection to that, but I think it's only fair to say that I don't see how anyone could have taken it without my knowing. I keep it in the room I use as my office, and there's a special lock on the door. I don't run to a safe yet, you see, and I often have quite a bit of cash in the house—wages and that sort of thing—which I have to put in my desk."

"Yes, sir, Sergeant Carsethorne did tell me that you said no one could have got hold of your rifle."

"Well, he asked me several questions about it which led me to think he had young Ladislav in mind. I expect you knew about him—one of these unfortunate expatriates. It's quite true that I lent the rifle to him a little while ago—which I know is a technical misdemeanor—and that I also gave him some cartridges. I should like to make it quite plain that he returned the rifle to me the same evening and

To page 34

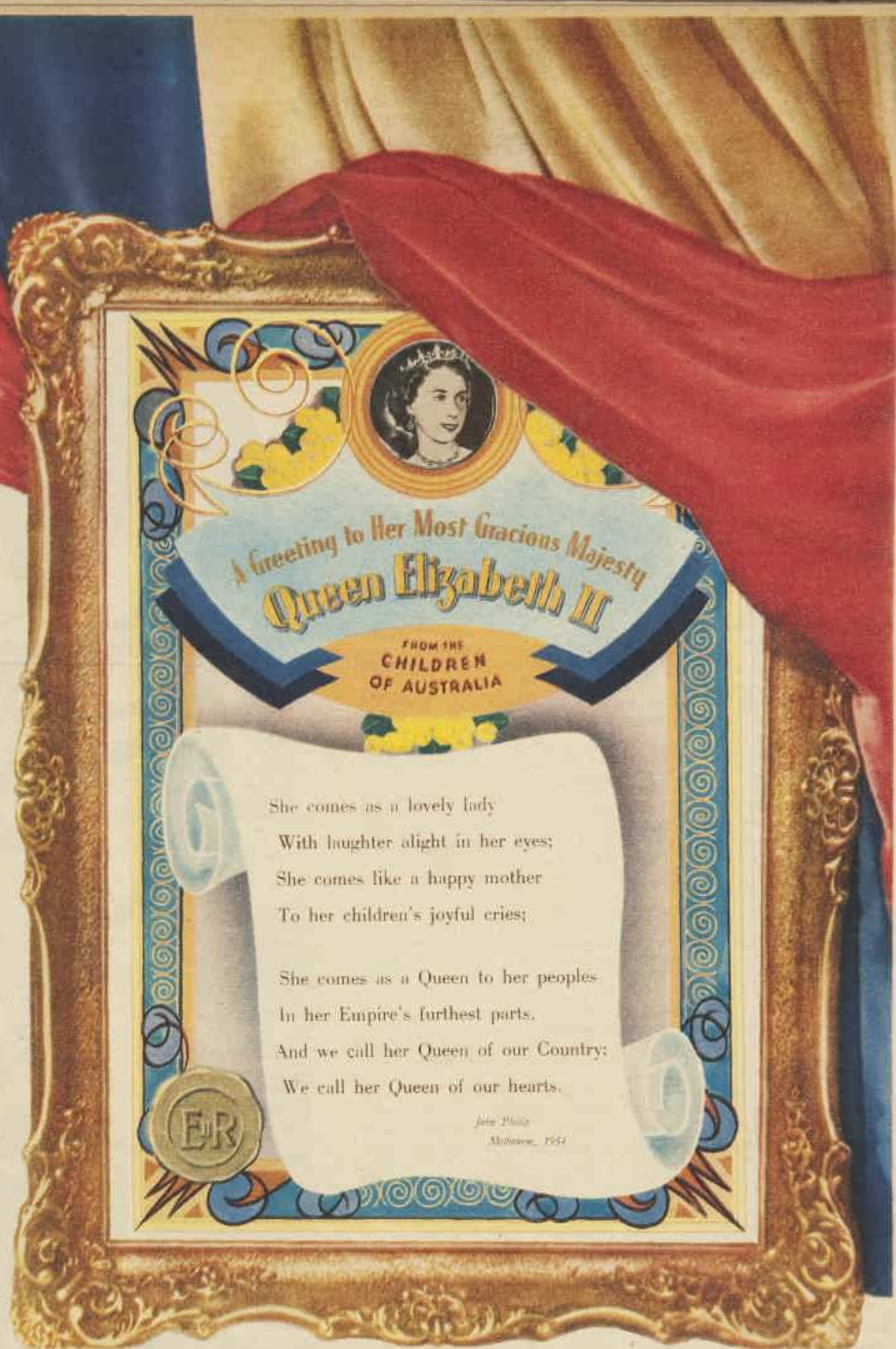
"You silly child, you mustn't try to mislead the police," Lindale told Delia affectionately.



AUSTRALIA'S CHILDREN WELCOME THE QUEEN

In all parts of this vast country, the hearts of our children are thrilling to the thought that our Queen — our gracious and beautiful sovereign, Elizabeth II — is actually on Australian soil. In the desire of giving some expression to the intense and excited loyalty of Australian children to Her Majesty, Paddle Bros. dedicate this greeting on behalf of all young Australians.

If you would like a permanent memento of Her Majesty's visit, our own children in beautifully printed copies of the actual card of greeting in our Paddle Bros. shop.



She comes as a lovely lady
With laughter alight in her eyes;
She comes like a happy mother
To her children's joyful cries;

She comes as a Queen to her peoples
In her Empire's furthest parts.
And we call her Queen of our Country;
We call her Queen of our hearts.

*John Phillip
Melbourne, 1954*



Typical of happy Australian children who proudly greet their Queen and vow to serve her loyally are the young Sarah — Mark, Phillip, Alison and Judith — here seen reveling in our Australian heritage of sunshine and sun-sprayed beach.

This advertisement has been inserted by

Paddle Bros.
PTY. LTD.

Makers of children's shoes,
on behalf of all the children of Australia.

Too young to marry

A short short story

By LOIS KLEIHAVER

ANN came into her husband's study. "They're here," she said. Her tone half pleaded, half commanded as she said, "Now be nice to them, Charles. Please."

He looked at her, his face expressionless except for the faint gleam of anger in his steel-grey eyes.

"After all," she said, "you were only twenty-five when we were married."

"Twenty-five," he said. "Not twenty-two—barely twenty-two. And we had some money in the bank."

"You hadn't spent eighteen months in Korea—"

A car door slammed. For a moment Charles and Ann looked at each other, and then Ann turned and went swiftly down the hall with Charles following.

They stood in the hall, waiting for their son and his fiancée, whom they were to meet for the first time. Bob was bringing her from Canberra to spend the weekend with them.

Through the small pane in the door Charles saw them, saw the way they looked at each other as though for moral courage—laughing a little, young-looking, nothing but kids, really.

Once more Ann gave Charles a half-pleading, half-warning glance, and then she opened the door briskly and held out her hands.

Bob kissed her, and then he drew the girl forward and said, "Mum, this is Nancy."

Ann and Nancy smiled at each other, their eyes searching, questioning. But they smiled, as women who are determined to be friends will.

There was a warm note of welcome in Ann's pleasant voice as she drew the girl towards her to kiss her on the rather flushed cheek.

"My dear, I can't tell you how happy we are to meet you, Nancy, and really Bob should have brought you to see us long before this."

"Oh, Mum, you know how it is!" Bob put in quickly as he turned to shake hands with his father, almost in a formal way, thought Ann. "Nancy's been busy, and so have I, and it just wasn't possible to arrange anything until this week. How are you, Dad?"

Charles gripped Bob's hand briefly. He looked at Nancy and she looked at him. She was pretty, with soft dark eyes and dark hair.

He did his best to smile, but it didn't come off well.

It was a surface smile, not quite covering his displeasure. Nancy suddenly clasped her hands together tightly and glanced at Bob.

Ann said, "I'll take you upstairs to your room first, Nancy. Then we'll come down and have a sherry. We've got the first fire of the season in the living-room."

Charles led the way into the living-room, went to the fire and poked at it.

Bob stood looking into the fire, occasionally glancing towards the door. "I think Nancy and Mum are going to hit it off all right, don't you?"

Charles set the poker down. "Yes, you can count on your mother to go more than half-way," he said stiffly. Then he walked over to the sideboard and poured out four sherries. He carried them on a tray to the little table near the fire.

Ann and Nancy came down. Both of them looked quickly at Charles.

They are like sensitive plants, he thought, testing the warmth of the atmosphere.

He listened to the others talking as the four of them sat in front of the fire. After a while Ann threw him a warning look. He knew that it meant: Why aren't you holding up your end of the conversation?

He cleared his throat. "Planning to live here in town after you're married?" he asked.

As he said it the word echoed hollowly in his mind. "Married"—how could such a—well, such a mature sort of word be applied to his son, his kid son.

He'd probably get used to the idea—after a while. But they were so young. Nancy was only nineteen. They didn't have any money. Why couldn't they wait? Or were they counting on him to give them a lift? Well, they could forget about that, if that was what they had in mind.

Bob's face lighted up. He speared a prawn, dipped it in the sauce, and ate it. "Believe it or not, Dad," he said, "we've got our house all planned. We're going to build."

Charles looked incredulous. "With what?"

Bob laughed a little, embarrassed. "Well, Nancy's father is going to lend us about eight hundred and I can get an ex-serviceman's loan and we know a fellow who's a builder—he's a friend of ours."

"He's going to do the actual construction work, and we're going to finish the inside—you know, the painting and papering. We've got a wonderful plan—" He glanced around the room, and then he got up and went into his father's bedroom. "Back in a minute," he said as he left.

They heard the opening and shutting of a drawer, and then Bob reappeared with a piece of cardboard that their laundry always put in shirts to keep their smoothness.

Bob sat down on the footstool,

took a pencil from his coat pocket, and began to sketch the floor plan of the house on the white side of the cardboard.

Charles felt a quick pang of remembrance—those pieces of cardboard from the laundry. Had there ever been a time when Bob hadn't found a use for them?

He suddenly recalled long-forgotten mornings when, on opening his drawer to get a fresh shirt, he would find piles disarranged and grubby finger marks on the stiff, white collars.

"Robert!" he would roar—he was given to roaring and knew it.

And Robert, with traces of breakfast about his mouth, would appear and listen with innocent and wondering eyes as Charles scolded him. Afterward, as a peace offering, the boy would bring him the cardboard covered with an untidy crayon figure.

"I drew a cat," he would announce, pointing.

"Yes, yes, I see," Charles would say, still frowning. "That's very nice, but—well, if you've got to take the cardboards out of my shirts see that your hands are clean."

Robert had continued to take out the cardboards. A couple of years later when he drew a cat, it was quite possible to tell that it was a cat.

He went to school and his imagination expanded and he colored fantastic pictures on the cardboards. Sometimes it was a flock of birds descending upon a ship—or was it a squadron of planes? Another time it might be a coal-black snowman or a monkey squatting on a telephone pole throwing coconuts to children below.

And the cardboards had made wonderful tunnels for his electric train. All you had to do was bend one in two places and set it up and there was a tunnel or a cave.

And there had been wondrous cutouts made from the cardboards—snakes and Santa Clauses and gingerbread men with raisins for eyes. He always ate the raisins if they didn't stick very well.

There had always been scribbling pads about the house, but Robert had preferred the cardboards for his homework. Improper fractions—there had been quite a struggle with those—and then decimals, and after a while algebra.

And then a wound in Bob's left leg had brought him home from Korea. And one day not long after he had sat in the big chair and rested his leg on the footstool (where he sat now) and used one of the cardboards to draw a picture of the hills and valleys where he had fought.

(It was right about here. We'd been trying to get to the top of that rotten hill for two days—)

His pencil had dug into the cardboard in sudden pain and fury.

And now Bob sat sketching his house—his and Nancy's. She was close beside him, absorbed in watching the quick movements of his pencil.

"We're planning a patio here—at the back of the kitchen—where we can eat in the summer. And over here—see?—we can add another bedroom when we need it."

He looked up from his sketch and said, "Don't you think it's a pretty good plan, Dad?"

Charles looked at the sketched floor plan soberly. He hadn't been

listening to Bob too closely. Slowly he put out his hand, and Bob put the sketch into it. Charles was aware that all three of them sat waiting, almost holding their breaths.

Here in his hand he held a piece of laundry cardboard, a piece of worthless paper pulp. But it was on pieces of cardboard like this one that he had seen the growth of a child into a man—from the drawing of an untidy cat nearly twenty years ago to the sketch of a house for a man and his wife, a man who was now old enough (twenty-two or twenty-five—it is not years that make a man) to have children of his own.

And he knew that this was the moment when he had to show them what he felt about their marriage. He was conscious of his wife's anxious eyes on him. Of course, he wouldn't disappoint her.

He said, slowly, quietly, "It's a very good plan."

It was Nancy who answered, "I'm—we're glad you like it."

He looked at her. She was so in earnest, and so pretty, and so—so young. Yes, she was young, but she understood Bob, and she would share his life as he and Ann never could from now on.

He looked down at the sketch on the cardboard in his hands. "I'd like to be in on this," he said. "If you could use another eight hundred I'd be—I'd be happy to let you have it."

He looked up and saw the affection for him in their eyes, and all at once he felt that right now he was, at this moment, as big a man as his son had always thought him to be.

(Copyright)

It was Nancy who answered Charles, holding the drawing in his hand, "I'm glad—I mean we're glad you like it."



Every day and all day she sat in her lonely room and watched the
life of the little town and its people—and silently hated them all

The woman at the window

I was a five-hour journey from the big smoke to Hanson Creek, and the slow train made it seem like twenty-five. So I wasn't in what you'd call a receptive frame of mind by the time I got out of a dirty, dusty carriage and found myself on a cold, bleak, and unfriendly platform, apparently miles from nowhere, in the middle of an equally bleak and cold afternoon.

The station sign said Hanson Creek, so I knew I had come to the right place, though at that particular moment I wished I hadn't.

There was not a bus or a taxi in sight. Through the grey, dismal gloom I could see downhill to the township, rusted roofs lost in the trees, a few chimneys belching smoke, and a church spire.

I think I would have recognised the town, even if I hadn't known the name of it.

It was exactly as Ella Berman had described it in her novel, even to the depressing atmosphere and the lost air of unreality.

Hanson Creek, I thought. Perfect for a weekend getaway, or a nice, gruesome murder or two... or the setting of the current best-seller sweeping the country.

I can't say "The Woman At the Window" appealed to me. It wasn't trite or smart or conforming to a hundred other best-sellers. The novel was cynical, malicious, and cruel, filled with petty jealousies and undercurrents of hate.

Critics and reviewers were unanimous in their praise, but Hargraves, my boss, wasn't satisfied with that. He wanted to know more about the book and its author. He wanted to know why it was malicious and cruel, and whether this Ella Berman was young, old, or indifferent. He wanted to know how the townspeople were reacting to these fictional characters—if they were fictional—and why Miss Berman had decided to write the saga of Hanson Creek.

Or, at least, he thought the readers of "Weekend" would want to know.

"Weekend" is slick, with shiny paper and color illustrations featuring provocative blondes and long, lean heroes too good to be true. Sometimes "Weekend" itself is too good to be true. And Hargraves. And me, Timothy Randall. When a man works for a slick outfit he gets just as slick and glossy, and often that's bad. Hargraves says so. And he's the boss!

So a slick newsmen gets an assignment to write a slick piece on a suddenly famous author. Other mugs had tried and failed, but they weren't "Weekend." And they didn't have Hargraves behind them with a gun the shape of a 5B pencil ready to shoot a chap in the back.

Sometimes I hated "Weekend," and I was quite sure this deadly afternoon I hated Hanson Creek.

It was a mile walk from the station to the town, downhill most of the way, and by the time I reached the hotel my overnight bag felt loaded with bricks.

I booked in, the room already having been engaged by courtesy of Hargraves, washed off as much railway dirt as I could, and went out on the job.

I thought the quicker I finish this article the quicker I'll be scotting out.

There was only one street of any consequence in this town—Main Street, with perhaps twenty old-fashioned shops lined together on either side of the asphalt road. Other streets branched off, but where they led I had neither the time nor the inclination to discover.

Miss Ella Berman's address was 17 Main Street, which proved to be a simple, two-story residence with an empty-windowed shop on the ground floor, and, judging by the curtains, with living quarters upstairs.

I knocked on the door twice without success, and at the third knock footsteps sounded from within and presently the door opened. It was chained, and somehow I found it quite disconcerting to have to interview someone behind a massive lock obviously intended to keep out unwelcome strangers.

"Well?" came a low voice from the shadows behind the door.

"Miss Ella Berman?" I inquired in my most pleasant and professional voice.

"What do you want here?"

"My name is Randall..." I stepped closer so that my face was only a few inches from the opening in the doorway. "And I represent the magazine 'Weekend'."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm busy. Please go away."

"It's about your book," I went on.

"Of course. It's always about the book..." And then I saw her face—the face of Ella Berman. She might have been 20 or 30 or 40, I had no way of knowing.

I saw the passionate mouth disciplined into a thin, narrow pinch, and the dark hollows that were her eyes. And all round the woman's pale face fell a cataract of hair, as black as ebony, spilling over her shoulders and trickling about her throat.

"No story," she said. "Not now—or ever."

Then the door closed and I heard the weary tread of her footsteps dying into silence.

It was much too late an hour to attempt anything that might even remotely resemble a scene, and besides, I had not yet recovered from my initial shock. In the history of "Weekend"—to my knowledge—no one had ever refused an interview and its resultant widespread publicity. But someone just had, and I was at a loss to decide what to do next.

The proprietress of the hotel was still slumped in the same rocking-chair she had occupied when I had first left the hotel.

"No go?" she asked, when I came in.

"No go," I answered.

She laughed, a deep, buoyant laugh that shook her massive frame and set the chair in motion again.

"You newspaper people," she said, waving a plump, pink hand and dismissing the lot of us in one impatient gesture. "Don't know why you all keep on wasting time. Of course she won't talk to you. And why should she? Isn't Ella Berman somebody important now? Didn't she write 'The Woman at the Window'?"

"She did," I said, "and it's sold 75,000 copies to date in this country alone. Almost a record for a first book."

"Well, it won't do her much good," said the woman, "and serve her right if it don't. Scheming little wretch. I'm sure I don't know what's come over Ella Berman. She wasn't always so hermitic. Used to be a pleasant little dear—once!"

She got up, straightened her voluminous dress, and waddled across to me.

"You're Mr. Randall," she accused.

I nodded. It wasn't my fault.

"I'm Mrs. Rubina Lewis."

"Pleased to meet you," I said, without much enthusiasm.

"Sorry I can't say the same, though I suppose business is business, whoever comes and goes. Hanson Creek's not what it used to be, I can tell you now. And my guess is it never will again, since that nasty book came out."

"Nasty, Mrs. Lewis?"

She snorted. "Never saw so many libel suits written down together in all my life. She ought to keep to herself, that Ella Berman. Every man and woman in the Creek can find themselves somewhere in the book. She's taken them to bits, one by one, dragged out family skeletons and every bit of gossip ever talked about them."

"She ought to be run out of town. Don't know what's happened to her over the past 12 months. She used to be such a sweet little lassie before her sister Dorcy died—she was the crippled one—but since the book came out it's been like some devil's got inside her, unless it was there all the time, just waiting a chance."

"Just as well Dorcy did pass on, I say, though she was a tiger, too. Think of their father—bless his dear old heart. Enough to make the man turn over in his grave."

"So Ella had a crippled sister. Strange!" I mused.

Mrs. Lewis shrugged. "She was nasty, too. And as bad-tempered as they come. Not that I'm casting any aspersions, Mr. Randall, but people in these parts reckon the sisters didn't see eye to eye—and all because of Harrison Fuller."

I waited, giving her the rein.

"Harrison was Dorcy's boy-friend. That is to say, before the accident. After that, he left town pretty quick."

"There was a male character in the book—who also left town," I ventured. "Do you think there was some connection?"

Mrs. Lewis shrugged. "There were too many characters," she complained. "However did she think of all those words. Five hundred pages! I never would have believed it."

She rambled on, but as no further information was made available after the initial enthusiastic burst, I made a hurried exit and rambled upstairs to bed.

I felt depressed and tired, but not yet ready for sleep. The hotel room was adequate, I suppose, but they are cheerless, unfriendly places, so I was glad, when I had unpacked, to discover a doorway in my room leading out on to the wide, first-floor verandah that overlooked the street.

It was dark by this time, for which I was thankful, for no one bothered me as I stood by the iron railing and cast critical eyes on a town as remote to me as Timbuctoo.

The street was washed in soft lamplight, and as I followed the lamps along I came to the Berman house. The

ground floor was in darkness, but upstairs a dull light was framed in the double set of floor-length windows, already closed. I wondered then how long it had been since they were last opened.

I remembered this house in the book, so vividly described, the empty facade and the silent rage within. I could almost see the woman at the window, the young cripple seated in a wheel-chair and looking down at the people who passed her by.

The girl had thick black hair and wore a dressing-gown that covered her twisted legs. I could imagine people in the street looking up at her as they continued on their way, smiling a warm, sympathetic smile of greeting.

So young and frail and courageous to be afflicted this way, to be burdened with the knowledge that this big window, open day and night, summer and winter, was to be

To page 53

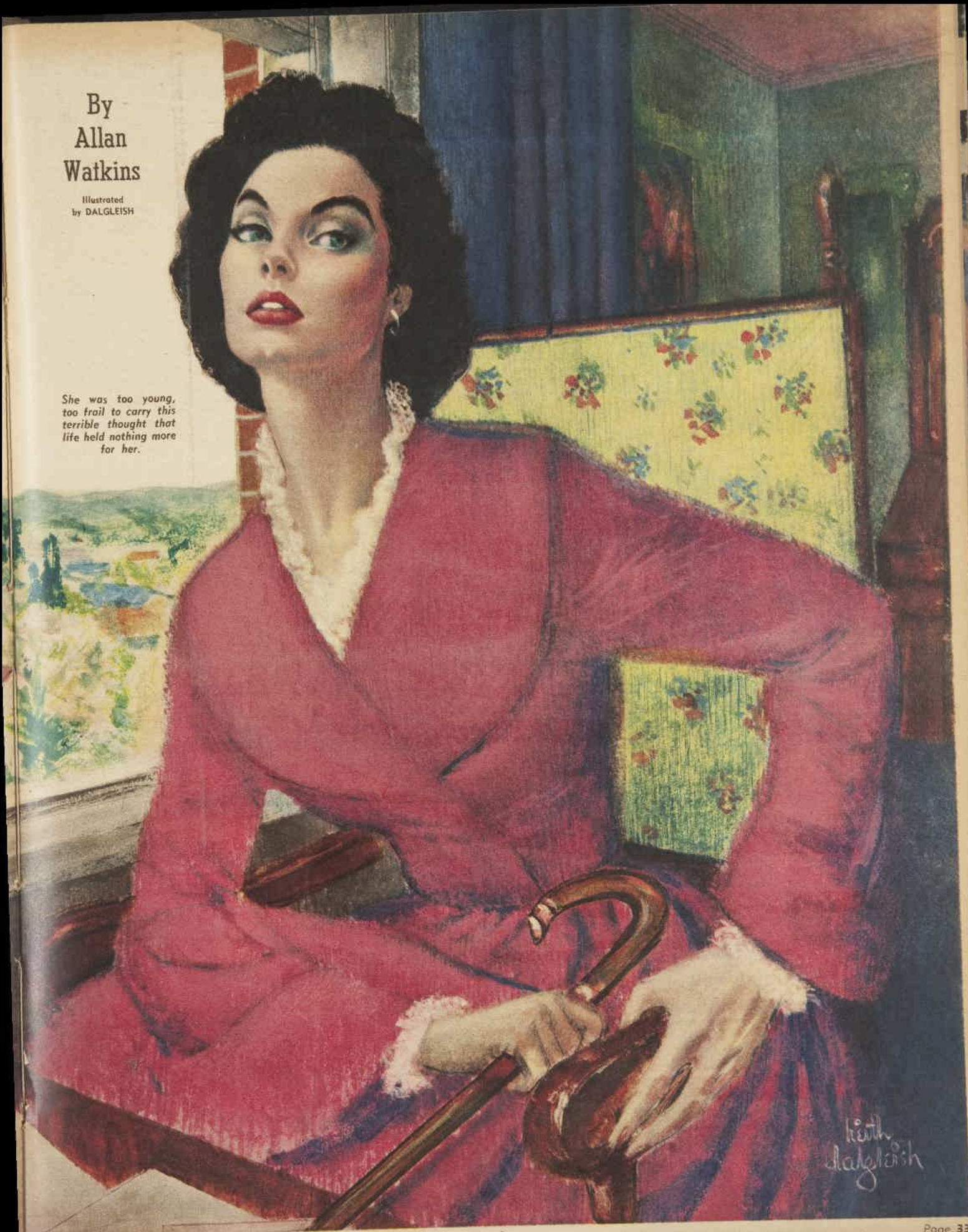


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 24, 1954

By
Allan
Watkins

Illustrated
by DALGLEISH

*She was too young,
too frail to carry this
terrible thought that
life held nothing more
for her.*



gave me back all the unused cartridges."

"Been up here worrying you about it, has he?" said Hemingway sympathetically. "Very excitable, these foreigners. That's all right, sir, I shan't arrest him because he borrowed your rifle a few weeks ago."

"I can't be surprised that he's got the wind up. It seems that that sergeant put him through it pretty strictly, and there's no doubt there's a lot of prejudice against the Poles."

"Well, I shan't arrest him for that reason, either," said Hemingway.

There's apparently a lot of talk going on in Thornden about his having run after Mavis Warrenby," said Lindale. "That's what's upset him. Says he meant nothing, and I believe him. Nice enough girl—kindhearted and all that sort of thing—but she's no oil-painting. It's not my affair, but if I were you I wouldn't waste my time on Ladislav. He bit on his pipe-stem for a moment, and then removed the pipe from his mouth.

"Look here," he said bluntly, "I don't want to meddle in what's no concern of mine, but I've got a certain amount of fellow-feeling with young Ladislav. I've had some! It's come to my ears that because my wife and I are too busy to buzz around doing the social, the village gossips are spreading it about that there's something queer about us. Mystery couple! Mystery, my foot! The fact that you've turned up to-day shows me clearly enough that you've heard this tripe. Well, I've just about had it! I was barely acquainted with Warrenby; it doesn't matter two hoots to me whether he's alive or dead. If you're looking for a likely suspect, you find out what Plennmeller was up to at twenty past seven on Saturday."

"Thank you, sir, I hope to. Can you help me, sir?"
"No, I can't. I was on my own land at that time. I'm not even sure when he left the Cedars, though I have an idea we most of us left in a bunch—the squire and I by the gate on to the footpath, the others by

the front drive. I only know that he's apparently been occupying himself ever since the murder with casting suspicion on most of his neighbors—which may be his idea of humor, or not."

"On you, sir?"
"I shouldn't be surprised. He wouldn't dare to do so to my face, of course."

"Well, you may be right," said Hemingway, "but I'm bound to say that when I met Mr. Plennmeller he was sitting with Major Midgeholme, and he didn't make any bones about telling me I should soon discover what the major's motive was for having shot Mr. Warrenby."

Lindale stared at him. "Poisonous fellow! He knows better than to try that sort of thing on with me."

"Do you know of any reason why he should have wanted Mr. Warrenby out of the way, sir?"

"No. Nor am I saying that I think he's your man, but I fail to see why he should have the sole right to fling mud about. What's he doing it for? I call it infernally malicious—particularly if it's true that he's made that unfortunate girl Mavis Warrenby one of his targets. I shouldn't have said anything if it hadn't been for his behaviour, but, if that's his line, all right, then, I'd like to know first why he had it in for Warrenby more than anyone else, and then why he made an excuse to leave that party on Saturday after tea!"

"Did he, sir?" said Hemingway. "I thought he left when you and Mr. Ainstable did, not to mention Miss Dearham and Mr. Drybeck?"

"Finally, yes. Before that he made a futile excuse to go home to fetch something the squire wanted."

"What would that have been, sir?"

"Some correspondence to do with the appointment of a new solicitor to the River Board. The squire wanted me to take a look at it, but any time would have done."

Continuing . . . Detection Unlimited

[from page 29]

"This River Board does keep cropping up," remarked Hemingway. "Were you one of the riparian owners that were anxious to keep Warrenby out of the job?"

"I can't say I cared much either way," said Lindale, shrugging. "I expect I should have allowed myself to be guided by the squire. He knows more about it than I do, and he seemed inclined to think Warrenby would be a suitable man to appoint."

"I see, sir. And when did Mr. Plennmeller leave the Cedars to go and fetch this correspondence, which, I take it, was in his possession?"

"When the sets were being arranged after we'd all finished tea. I should say it was at about six. As far as I remember he was gone about half an hour. He got back before my wife left; that I do know, because she told me so."

"His house being half a mile from the Cedars, if I remember rightly," said Hemingway.

"Oh, don't run away with the idea that I'm suggesting he didn't go to his house. I think he did. It could take him half an hour, and he could have done it in less time if he'd been put to it. That short leg of his doesn't incapacitate him as much as you might think."

"No, he told me it didn't," said Hemingway mildly. "So what is it you are suggesting, sir?"

Lindale did not answer for a minute, but stood frowning at his pipe, which had gone out.

"Not suggesting anything except a possibility," he said at last, "which is that he might have gone home to pick up his rifle—if he had one, but that I don't know; I've never seen him with a gun. And to cache it somewhere along the footpath, near the Cedars' front gate."

Hemingway eyed him speculatively. "Found he'd come out without it, so to speak?"

"No. Not having known, until he got to the Cedars,

that he would have the opportunity to use it!" said Lindale. "Warrenby had also been invited to that party and he cried off at the last moment. Which meant that he was certain to be at home, and alone. Now do you get it? Plennmeller left when young Haswell mortared Abby Dearham and old Drybeck and the major home. Who's to say that he didn't nip into the footpath once the car was out of sight? What was he doing between the time he left the Cedars, at the end of the party, and the time—when ever that was—he turned up at the Red Lion?"

Hemingway shook his head. "I'm no good at riddles; you tell me!"

"I can't tell you, because I'm no good at riddles either, but it seems to me it's something the police might look into instead of nosing round my place and scaring my wife," said Lindale, his eyes knoll-dering. "I don't know whether Plennmeller did it, or even if he had any reason to, but I can see how he could have concealed a light rifle without exciting any suspicion, supposing he'd walked into someone. Ever thought that that limp of his might be turned to good account?"

"Well, it's the sort of thing that's bound to strike one sooner or later, isn't it?" said Hemingway, picking up his hat. "Good day to you, sir."

Constable Melkinthorpe, sedately driving towards the gate of Rushdy Farm, hoped that the Chief Inspector might tell him what had been the outcome of his interview, but all Hemingway said was: "Can we get to the Ainstables' house from where we are?"

"Old Place, sir? Yes, sir; there's an entrance on to this road. Matter of a mile farther on. Shall I drive there now?"

Hemingway nodded. "Yes, but you can pull up first by this footpath I've heard so much about."

Melkinthorpe obeyed, turn-

ing to the right as he emerged from the farm and stopping a hundred yards up the road. Hemingway alighted and slammed the door.

"Right! You wait here!" he said, and walked off down the footpath.

On his left lay the common; on his right, for about a hundred yards, a ditch surmounted by a post-and-rail fence separated the path from a plantation of young fir trees. A lichened stone wall marked its southern boundary, and this wall then flanked the path for perhaps fifty yards.

Hemingway knew that behind it lay part of the garden of the Cedars, and took note of the position of the gate, set in it at its southern end.

Just beyond the gate, the wall turned at right-angles again, completely shutting the garden from view. The path then continued for another fifty yards between the common and a small spinney before curving sharply westward to join Wood Lane at a point immediately south of the Cedars' front gate. Where it turned to the west, a stile had been set, giving access to it from Fox Lane.

Hemingway paused there for a few minutes, thoughtfully considering the lie of the land. He glanced along the path, but a bend in it hid Wood Lane from his sight. Over the stile Fox House could be seen through the trees in its garden, and so, too, could the gorse clump on the rising common, gleaming gold behind the bole of an elm tree growing beside the lane.

Uncultured voices and the flutter of a summer frock informed the Chief Inspector that in one of his surmises at least he had been right: Fox Lane had suddenly become attractive to sightseers.

He pursed up his mouth, shook his head slightly, and walked back to the main road, disappointing his chauffeur by saying nothing more, as he got into the car, than: "Go ahead!"

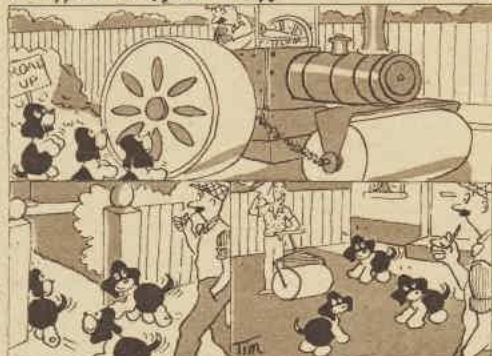
The Hawkshead Road entrance to Old Place consisted

To page 36

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



This is how they relieve **BACKACHE** in her family... "the result was wonderful"

When three people in one family all gain relief from the same medicine, the result, as you might expect, is—enthusiasm. Mrs. A.M.H., who lives in New South Wales, has proved time and again that backache responds promptly to the gently relieving action of De Witt's Pills. When first she tried this medicine in 1938 "the result was wonderful" (her own words then). Now, from this same lady, comes a letter revealing her redoubled enthusiasm for a medicine which, today, helps all her family—a time-tested family friend. Isn't it your honest opinion that her two letters below are a wonderful tribute? If other backache sufferers will carefully read them, they will certainly know where to turn for lasting relief.

SHE SAID THEN, in a letter dated 18th October, 1938.

"I had a very bad back and was getting up five or six times a night. I got a small bottle of De Witt's Pills and the result was wonderful. I only took one bottle and I am alright now. It is six weeks since I was bad. I am writing to let you know how pleased I am."

—signed A.M.H., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

SHE SAYS NOW, in a letter dated 4th June, 1953.

"I am still a user of your valuable pills. I have told several of my friends about them. My mother, who is 77 years of age, was staying with me for a few weeks lately. She had a bad back, and after I gave her six of your pills there wasn't any more bad back. My husband, who is 65 years of age, is a user of the pills now and won't have anything else."

—signed A.M.H., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

(The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne Office)

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For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



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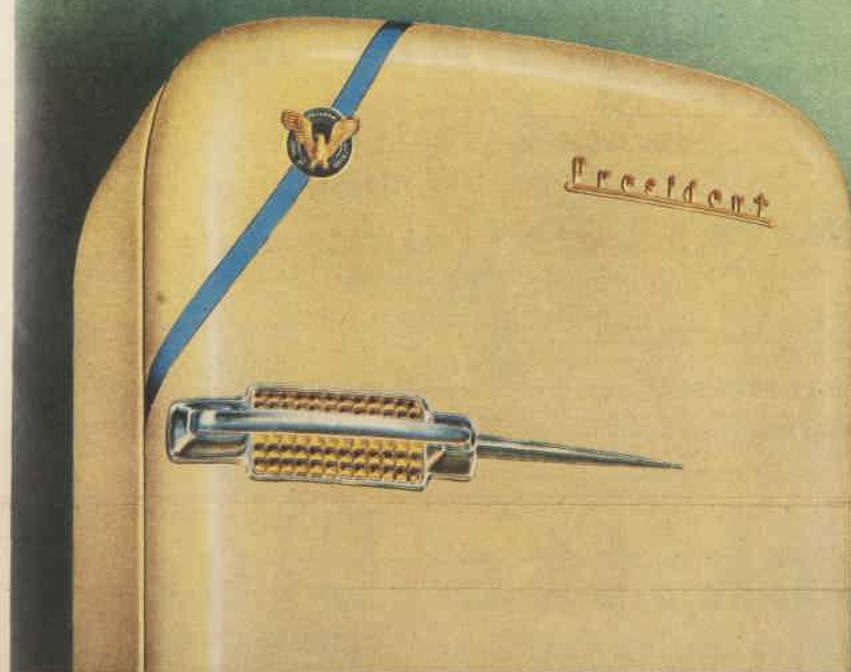
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metely of a white farm gate opening on to a narrow, unmade road, with grass growing between the wheel-ruts. Melkinthorpe explained that it was only a secondary way to the house, the real entrance, which he described as "proper big gates, with a lodge and all," lying at the end of Thornden High Street.

"Nice place," commented Hemingway, as they drove along the track. "Mixture of park and woodland. Does it end at the road, or was that the squire's land beyond the road, where they've been felling all those trees?"

"I believe his land stretches as far as the river, sir. He owns a lot of the houses around here, too."

"That's no catch these days," said Hemingway.

He said no more, but when the car presently drew up before the house, his quick eye had absorbed more than the indestructible beauty of the park.

The road had led them past a small home-farm (with two more gates to be opened and shut) and what had once been an extensive vegetable garden, with an orchard beyond it, and had reached the front drive by way of the stable yard, where weeds sprouted between the cobblestones, and rows of doors, which should have stood with their upper halves open, were shut, the paint on them blistered and cracked. Where half a dozen men had once found congenial employment, one middle-aged groom was all that was to be seen.

"Progress," said Chief Inspector Hemingway. But he said it to himself, well knowing that his companion, inevitably reared in the hazy and impracticable beliefs of democracy-run-riot, would derive a deep, if uninformed, gratification from the reflection that yet another landowner had been obliged through excessive taxation to throw out of work the greater part of his staff.

As though to lend color to these sadly retrogressive thoughts, Constable Melkinthorpe said, as he drew up before the house, "They say the squire used to have half a dozen gardeners, and I don't know how many grooms and gamekeepers and such. Of course, things are different now."

"They are," said the Chief Inspector, getting out of the car. "And the people that notice it most are those gardeners and grooms and gamekeepers. So you put that into your pipe, my lad, and smoke it!"

He left Constable Melkinthorpe gaping at him, and walked up to the door of Old Place.

A tug at the iron bell-pull presently brought to the door a grizzled servant who, upon learning his name and calling, bowed in a manner that contrived to convey to the Chief Inspector his respect for the Law and his contempt for its minions. Combining courtesy with disdain, he consigned the Chief Inspector to a chair in the hall and went away to discover what his employers' pleasure might be.

When he returned he was accompanied by Mrs. Ainstable, two Sealyham terriers, and a young Irish setter, who effusively made the Chief Inspector welcome.

"Down!" commanded Mrs. Ainstable. "I'm so sorry! Down, you idiot!"

Hemingway, having wrestled successfully with the setters' advances and brushed the hairs from his coat, said: "Yes, you're a beauty, aren't you? Now, that'll do! Down!"

"How nice of you not to mind him!" said Mrs. Ainstable. "He isn't properly trained yet."

Her tired, strained eyes ran over the Chief Inspector. "You want to see my husband, I expect. He went down to the estate-room a little while ago, so I'll take you there, shall I? It'll save time, and since that's where he kept his rifle I'm sure you'd like to see the place."

"Thank you, madam."

Her light laugh sounded. "I don't think we've ever had so

Continuing

Detection Unlimited

from page 34

much excitement in Thornden before!"

"I should think you must hope you never will have again," said Hemingway, following her down a passage to a door opening on to a rather overgrown shrubbery.

"I must admit that I wish it had never happened," she replied. "So horrid to have a murder in one's midst! It worries my husband, too. He can't get over his belief that he's responsible for Thornden. Have you any idea who did it? Oh, I mustn't ask you that, must I? Particularly when my husband is one of the possible. I wish I'd waited for him and made him drive home with me."

"No," agreed Hemingway. "And you think everyone knew why he went away?"

"Oh, well, everyone who heard him! Mrs. Haswell said that he and Miss Warrenby must keep one another company, upon which he told Mr. Lindale, in what he may have meant to be an undertone but which was all too audible, that this was where he must think fast. Whether Miss Warrenby heard it I don't know—I did! Here we are: this is the estate-room. Bernard, are you very busy? I have brought Chief Inspector Hemingway to see you."

Two steps led up to the open door of the room, which was a large, square apartment, severely furnished with a roll-top desk, a stout table, some filing cabinets, and several leather-seated chairs. A map of the estate hung on one wall, and a door at one side of the room gave access to another and smaller office.

The squire was seated at the table, official forms spread before him. He looked up under his brows and favored Hemingway with a hard stare before rising to his feet.

"Scotland Yard?" he said brusquely. "You ought to be resting, Rosamund."

"Nonsense, dear!" said Mrs. Ainstable, sitting down, and taking a cigarette from the box on the table. "Resting, when we actually have the C.I.D. on the premises? It's far too interesting! Like living in one of Gavin's books."

He looked at her but said nothing. Glancing up as she lit her cigarette, she smiled at him

reassuringly, Hemingway thought.

The squire transferred his attention to Hemingway. "Sit down, won't you? What can I do for you?"

The tone was more that of a commanding officer than of a man undergoing interrogation. Hemingway recognised it, appreciated it, and realised that the squire was not going to be an easy man to question. But those responsible for putting him in charge of this case had not chosen him at random.

"Old county families mixed up in this business. Likely to be sticky," had said the Assistant Commissioner to Hemingway's immediate superior and lifelong friend, Superintendent Hineckley. "I think we'll send Hemingway down. I don't pretend to know how he does it, but he does seem to be able to handle that kind of difficult witness."

The Chief Inspector was now proceeding to live up to his reputation. Taking a chair on the opposite side of the table, he said, at his most affable: "Thank you, sir. Well, I thought I'd best come up to have a chat with you, because I understand you were by way of being a friend of Mr. Warrenby's."

This unexpected gambit produced a silence which lasted just long enough to satisfy the Chief Inspector. No one, watching him, would have supposed that he was paying any particular attention to either of his auditors, but, although he chose that moment to pat one of the Sealyhams who was sniffing his trouser-leg, he missed neither the squire's stare nor the slight rigidity which held his rather restless wife suddenly still.

The squire broke the silence. "Don't know that I should put it as high as that," he said. "I got on perfectly well with him. No sense in living at loggerheads with one's neighbors."

"No," argued Hemingway. "Though, by all accounts, he wasn't an easy man to get on with. Which is why I thought I might find it helpful to have a talk with someone who

"My mother would like to borrow a cup of money. She's out of everything!"

wasn't what you might call prejudiced against him. Or for him, if it comes to that. What with Miss Warrenby on the one side and pretty well everyone else on the other, the thing I want is an unbiased view. How did he come to get himself so much disliked, sir?"

The squire took a moment or two to answer this, covering his hesitation by pushing the cigarette-box towards Hemingway and saying: "Don't know if you smoke?"

"Thank you, sir," said Hemingway, taking a cigarette.

"Difficult question to answer," said the squire. "I never came up against Warrenby myself; always very civil to me! But the fact of the matter was that he was a bit of an outsider. Pushing, and that sort of thing. No idea how to conduct himself in a place like this. Got people's backs up. Before the war, of course—but it's no use thinking backwards. Got to move with the times. No use ostracising fellows like Warrenby, either. Got to accept them and do what one can to teach them the way to behave."

Yes, thought the Chief Inspector, you're a hard nut to crack, squire! Aloud, he said: "Would you have put it beyond him to have gone in for a bit of polite blackmail to get his own way, sir?"

The ash from Mrs. Ainstable's cigarette dropped on to

To page 37



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Continuing

her skirt. She brushed it off, exclaiming: "What a lurid thought! Who on earth did he find to blackmail in these respectable parts?"

"Well, you never know, do you?" said Hemingway thoughtfully. "I've been having a talk with his head clerk, and it set me wondering, madam."

"No use asking me!" said the squire harshly. "If I'd had any reason to suspect such a thing, I shouldn't have had anything to do with the fellow."

"You're trying to make out why we did have anything to do with him, aren't you?" said Mrs. Ainsdale, her eyes challenging the Chief Inspector. "It was my fault. I couldn't help feeling sorry for his unfortunate niece! That's why I called on them. It's all very silly and feudal, but if we receive newcomers other people follow our lead. But do tell us more about this blackmailing idea of yours! If you knew Thornden as I do, you'd realise what an entrancingly improbable thought that is! It's all getting more and more like Gavin Plennmeller's books."

Out of the tail of his eye Hemingway could see that the squire's gaze was fixed on the wife's face. He said: "I can see I shall have to read Mr. Plennmeller's books. Which puts me in mind of something I had to ask you, sir. Did you ask Mr. Plennmeller to fetch some papers from his house during the tennis party on Saturday?"

"No, certainly not!" said the squire curtly. "I asked him to let me have them back, but there was no immediate hurry about it. He chose to go for them at once for reasons of his own. Confoundedly rude reasons, too, but that's his own affair! Don't know what you're getting at, but it's only fair to say that he was back at the Cedars before I left the party. Met my wife on the drive and gave the papers to her. Might have given them to Lindale and saved me the trouble, but that's not his way!"

"Something to do with this River Board I hear so much about, weren't they, sir? I understand a solicitor's wanted, and Mr. Warrenby was after the post."

The squire stirred impatiently in his chair. "Yes, that's so. Don't know why he was so keen on being appointed: there's nothing much to it. However, he had a fancy for it, and as far as I was concerned he could have had it. Not worth worrying about."

"Well, that's what it looks like to me," confessed Hemingway. "Not that I know much about such matters. Mr. Drybeck wanted it, too, I understand."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" said the squire irritably. "Drybeck's well enough established here without wanting jobs like that to give him a standing! As I told him! However, I dare say he'd have got it in the end! There was a lot of opposition to Warrenby's candidature."

"Well," said Hemingway, stroking his chin, "I suppose he has got it, hasn't he, sir?—the way things have turned out."

"What the devil do you mean by that?" demanded the squire. "If you're suggesting that Thaddeus Drybeck—a man I've known all my life!—would murder Warrenby, or anyone else, just to get himself appointed to a job on a River Board—"

"Oh, no, sir! I wasn't suggesting that!" said Hemingway. "Highly unlikely, I should think. I was just wondering what made you back Mr. Warrenby if Mr. Drybeck wanted the post."

"Quite improper for me to foist my own solicitor on to

Detection Unlimited

[from page 36]

the Board!" barked the squire. "What's more—Well, never mind!"

"But, Bernard, of course he minds!" interrupted his wife. "Mr. Drybeck is the family solicitor, Chief Inspector, but—well, he isn't quite as young as he was, and, alas, not nearly as competent as Mr. Warrenby was! Yes, Bernard, I know it's hideously disloyal of me to say so, but what is the use of making a mystery out of it?"

"No use talking about it at all," said the squire. "Got no possible bearing on the case." He looked at Hemingway. "I take it you want to know where I went and what I did when I left the Cedars on Saturday?"

"Thank you, sir, I don't think I'll trouble you to go over that again," replied Hemingway, causing both husband and wife to look at him in mingled surprise and doubt. "The evidence you gave to Sergeant Carsethorne seems quite clear. You went to cast an eye over that new plantation of yours. I was looking at it myself a little while back. I don't know much about forestry, but I see you've been doing a lot of felling."

"I have, yes," said the squire, his brows lifting a little, in a way that clearly conveyed to the Chief Inspector that he failed to understand what concern this was of his.

"You'll pardon my asking," said Hemingway, "but are you selling your timber to a client of Mr. Warrenby's?"

"To a client of Warrenby's?" repeated the squire, a hint of astonishment in his level voice. "No, I am not!"

"Ah, that's where I've got a bit confused!" said Hemingway. "It was the gravel pit he was interested in, wasn't it? There's some correspondence in his office dealing with that. I don't know that it's important, but I'd better get it straight."

"I have had no dealings whatsoever with Warrenby in his professional capacity," said the squire.

"He wasn't by any chance acting for this firm that's working your pit, sir?"

"Certainly not. I happen to know that Throckington and Flimby act for them. In point of fact, no solicitors were employed either by me or by them."

"You didn't get your own solicitors to draw up the contract, sir?"

"Quite unnecessary! Sheer waste of money! Very respectable firm. They wouldn't cheat me, or I them."

"Then, I dare say that would account for your solicitor not seeming to know you'd already disposed of the rights in the pit," said Hemingway.

"If you mean Drybeck, he was perfectly well aware that I had done so," said the squire, his eyes never shifting from the Chief Inspector's face.

"No, not him, sir. Some London firm, Belsay, Cockfield, and Belsay. I think their names are."

A draught from the open door stirred the papers on the table. The squire methodically tidied them and set a weight on top of the pile.

"Belsay, Cockfield, and Belsay are the solicitors to the Trustees of the Settlement of the estate," he said. "The details of any transactions of mine would naturally be unknown to them. Do I understand you to say that Warrenby had been in communication with them?"

"That's right, sir. And seeing that it seems to have been

pretty inconclusive I thought I'd ask you for the rights of it."

"May I know the gist of this correspondence?"

"Well, it seems Mr. Warrenby had a client who was interested in gravel, sir. He wrote to these solicitors, making inquiries about terms, having been informed—so he wrote—that they were the proper people to approach in the matter. Which they replied that they were, in a manner of speaking, but that any arrangement would have to be with you. And, as far as the documents go, there it seems to have petered out. For I gather he didn't approach you, did he, sir?"

It was not the squire but Mrs. Ainsdale who answered.

"No, he approached me instead!" she exclaimed.

She went on, "Really, what an impossible person he was! I's no use frowning at me, Bernard: he may be dead, but that doesn't alter facts! So typical of him to find out from me that you'd already leased the gravel pit instead of asking you! I can't bear people who go about things in a tortuous way for no conceivable reason! So dreadfully underbred!"

"He asked you, did he, madam?"

"Oh, not in so many words! He led the conversation round to it."

"When was that?" asked Hemingway.

"Heavens, I don't know! I'd forgotten all about it until you told us all this. He was the most inquisitive man—and quite unscrupulous!" She laughed, and stubbed out her cigarette. "I wonder who his client was? It sounds rather as if it must have been some shady firm he knew my husband wouldn't have had anything to do with. What fun!"

"No doubt that would have been it," agreed the Chief Inspector, rising to his feet.

It was five o'clock when Hemingway reached the vicarage, and he found the vicar in conference with one of the churchwardens, Mr. Henry Haswell. An awed and inexperienced maid-servant ushered him straightway into the vicar's study, saying with a gasp: "Please, sir, it's a gentleman from Scotland Yard!"

"Good gracious me!" ejaculated the vicar, startled. "Well, you'd better show him in, Mary—oh, you are in! All right, Mary: that'll do! Good afternoon—I don't know your name."

Hemingway gave him his card, which he put on his spectacles to read. "Chief Inspector Hemingway: dear me, yes! You must tell me what I can do for you. Oh, this is one of our churchwardens—Mr. Haswell!"

"Perhaps you'd like me to clear out?" said Haswell, nodding briefly to the Chief Inspector.

"Not on my account, sir," said Hemingway. "Very sorry to come interrupting you, Vicar. It's quite a small matter, really. I see by the Firearms Register that you own a .22 rifle. Could I have a look at it?"

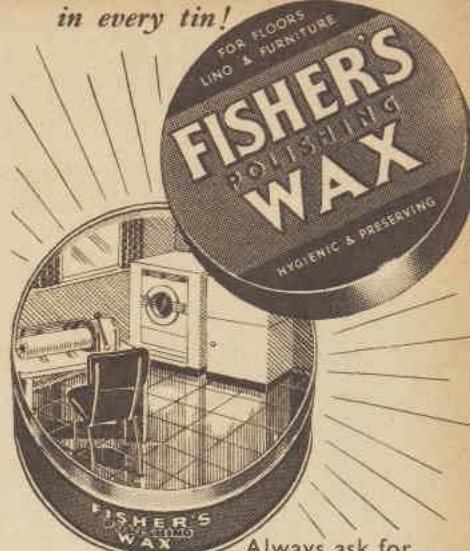
"Rifle?" said the vicar blankly. "Oh, yes, I do! At least, it is really my son's. That is to say, I got it for him originally, though, of course, he has no use for it now he lives in London. Still, one never knows when he might like to have it, besides getting a little sport when he comes to visit us. I don't shoot myself."

"No, sir. Might I see it?" "Now let me think!" said the vicar, looking harassed. "Dear me, this is very awkward! I wonder—? Excuse me, I'll go and look! Do take a chair!"

Hemingway watched him leave the room, and said with

To page 38

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Continuing Detection Unlimited

from page 37

a resigned sigh: "Yes, I can see this is another rifle which has been allowed to go astray. I think you were responsible for the first, sir."

"Not unless you consider me responsible for my wife's — er — misadventures. Chief Inspector," replied Haswell calmly. "Nor can I agree that the rifle in question has gone astray. It is true that it was lent — improperly, of course — to the local plumber, who once got my wife's car to start for her; but it is equally true that he returned it some days ago, since when it has not, to my knowledge, been out of the house."

"Yes, that's all very well, sir," retorted Hemingway, "but my information is that it was left hanging about in a cupboard in your cloakroom, so that as far as I can make out anybody could have borrowed it without your being the wiser!"

"Quite so, but may I point out that it was found in that cupboard no later than yesterday evening? While I can — with some difficulty — visualise the possibility of its having been abstracted by one of the people who came to my wife's tennis party, I can't imagine how anyone knew there was a rifle at the back of a coat-cupboard, or how he or she could have restored it without being seen by any member of my household. Have you collected the rifle? My son left it ready for you."

"No, I didn't, sir, but Sergeant Carsethorne did, which is how I come to know what happened to it."

Haswell smiled faintly. "You must admit we got nothing from you, Chief Inspector!"

"Very open and aboveboard, sir. Is there a door into your cloakroom from the garden?"

"No. The only entrance is through the hall, and the ventilation is by ventilator, above a fixed, frosted-glass window. In fact — taking into consideration my son's alibi — there seems really to be only one person who might without much difficulty have both removed the rifle from the cupboard and restored it. Myself, Chief Inspector — as I feel sure you've realised."

He paused and his smile grew, a trace of mockery in it.

"But I don't think I should have put it back," he added. "Gibbort, have your sins found you out?"

"They have, they have!" said the vicar, who had come back into the room, an expression of guilt in his face. "I am exceedingly sorry, Inspector, but I fear I cannot immediately lay my hand upon the weapon. If one could but see the pitfalls set for one's feet! Not but what I am aware that I have erred, well aware of it!"

"All right, sir! You've gone and lent it to someone," said Hemingway. "Which, of course, you've got no business to do."

"I cannot deny it," said the vicar mournfully. "But when one possesses a sporting gun — selfishly I feel, for I have no use for it — it seems churlish to refuse to lend it to lads less fortunate, particularly when the example is set me by our good squire, who allows shooting on his waste-land, and is always the first to encourage the village lads to spend their leisure hours in sport rather than the pursuits which, alas, are by far too common in these times!"

He added, largely, "Splendid fellows, too, most of them! I've watched many of them grow up from the cradle, and I can assure you, Inspector, though I have undoubtedly broken the law in lending a rifle to any unauthorized person, I should not dream of putting it into the hands of anyone I could not vouch for."

"Well, sir, whose hands did you put it into?" asked Hemingway patiently.

"I think," said the vicar, "and such, also, is my wife's recollection, that I lent it last to young Ditchling. One of my choirboys, till his voice broke, and a sterling lad! The eldest of a large family, and his mother, poor soul, a widow. He has just received his call-up papers, and I fear that in the excitement of the moment he must have forgotten to return the rifle to me, which was remiss of him, and still more so of me, for not having reminded him. For young people, you know, Inspector, are inclined to forget things."

"They are, aren't they, sir?" agreed Hemingway, with commendable restraint. "Did you say he was the eldest of a large family? With a whole lot of young brothers, I daresay, who have been having a high old time with a gun that doesn't belong to them, and have very likely lost it by this time!"

The vicar, much dismayed, said: "Indeed, I trust not!"

"Yes, so do I," said Hemingway grimly. "Where does this large family live?"

"At No. 2 Rose Cottages," replied the vicar, regarding him with an unhappy look in his eye. "That is the row of cottages facing the common, on the Trindale Road."

"It is, is it?" said Hemingway, his excellent memory at work.

THE vicar sat down heavily in the chair behind his desk. "I know what you are thinking," he said. "I can never sufficiently blame myself for having been the cause — unwitting but equally unpardonable — of bringing suspicion to bear upon a member of a gallant and persecuted nation, and one, moreover, of whom I know no ill!"

"Well, I won't deny, sir, that it did come into my mind that this Pole was the unnatural name whom you all call Ladislav lodges in one of those cottages," admitted Hemingway. "But if you know what I'm thinking it's more than I do myself, because I've always found it a great waste of time to think about things until I've got a bit more data than I have yet. However, I'm glad you've mentioned him, because what any gentleman in your position has to say about one of his parishioners seems to me well worth listening to."

"I cannot, I fear, describe Ladislav as my parishioner," said the vicar deprecatingly. "He is not, you know, of my communion. One is apt, of course, to look upon every soul living in one's parish as a member of one's flock; and particularly in such a case as this, when a young man is so tragically bereft of family, home, even country, one feels impelled to do what one can to bring a

little friendliness into a lonely life."

"And I'm sure it does you credit, sir," said Hemingway cordially.

"I am afraid it rather does Ladislav credit," said the vicar with a sudden smile. "We had Poles stationed in the vicinity during the war, and the impression they made upon us was not entirely happy. One makes allowances, of course, but still — No, not entirely happy! Indeed, to my shame I must confess that I was far from being pleased when I heard that one had come to live permanently amongst us. However, I thought it my duty to visit the young man, and I was agreeably surprised by him. A very decent fellow, determined to make his way in his job, and combating, I grieve to say, a good deal of insular prejudice."

He went on warmly, "I had no hesitation in introducing him to one or two people whom I thought he might find congenial, and I have had no reason to regret having done so. I should add, perhaps, that his landlady, our good Mrs. Dockray — a most respectable woman — is quite devoted to him, and that is a more valuable testimony than mine, Inspector!"

"I wouldn't say that, sir, but at least it means he hasn't been spending his spare time getting all the village girls into trouble — not to mention the wives whose husbands are doing their military service," said Hemingway.

Haswell, who had retired to the window-seat, laughed suddenly; but the vicar, though he smiled, shook his head, and said that when he thought of the infants of what he must call mixed parentage, whom he had been obliged to baptise, he felt more like weeping.

From this reflection he was easily led to talk about the humbler members of his flock, the Chief Inspector listening to his very discursive descriptions with great patience, mentally sifting possible grains of wheat from obvious chaff, and guiding him adroitly by way of Mrs. Mutton, who obliged for Mrs. Lindale, into the higher ranks of Thorndon society.

But the vicar could not tell him very much about the Lindales. Like Ladislav, Mrs. Lindale was not of his communion, and her husband, although brought up in the Anglican faith and a very good fellow, was not, alas, a church-goer. It was a pity, the vicar thought, that such pleasant young people should live such retired lives. It was rarely that one had the pleasure of meeting them at any of the little entertainments in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Lindale was thought to be standoffish; he himself believed her, rather, to be shy. Miss Patterdale — whom he

To page 39



always called the good angel of the parish—had been most neighborly, and spoke well of Mrs. Lindale. Indeed, she had persuaded Mrs. Ainstable to call, but nothing had come of it. Mrs. Lindale, excusing herself from accepting invitations on the score of being unable to leave her little girl.

A pity, he could not but think, for although the Ainstables were not of the Lindales' generation, and did not, nowadays, entertain a great deal, they must be considered, in every sense of the word, valuable acquaintances.

"Yes, I've just been having a chat with them," said Hemingway. "A gentleman of the old school, Mr. Ainstable. The Chief Constable was telling me that he lost his only son in the war, which must be just about as bad a thing for Thornden as it was for him. I should think."

"Indeed, indeed you are right, Inspector!" said the vicar earnestly. "One of the finest young men I have ever known, and one, moreover, who would have upheld traditions which are so fast vanishing. The flowers of the forest! A bitter blow for the squire! One must hope that the present heir will prove a worthy successor, but I fear there will be a sad change in the relationship between the squire and the village. Thornden does not readily accept strangers."

"Nor any other place I ever heard of," said Hemingway. "Still, we'll hope it won't happen for a good many years to come. The squire looks pretty hale and hearty—more so than Mrs. Ainstable, I thought."

The vicar sighed. "For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," he said, as though he spoke to himself.

"Well, no, sir," said Hemingway, startled but respectful. "That's true enough, but—"

"The squire has angina pectoris," said the vicar simply.

"You don't say so," exclaimed Hemingway, shocked.

"There is no reason to suppose that the squire won't live

Continuing . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 38

for a great many years yet," said Haswell.

"Indeed, we must all pray that he will, my dear Haswell!"

"Yes, but I see what the vicar means," said Hemingway. "What that disease—well, you don't know what a day may bring forth, do you? I'm not surprised Mrs. Ainstable looks so anxious. And he's not the sort to spare himself, by what I can see."

"He is not an invalid," said Haswell shortly. "He has been an energetic man all his life, and it would be extremely bad for him not to take the sort of exercise he's accustomed to."

"True, very true!" the vicar said. "One wishes, though, that he had fewer cares to weigh upon him. I am almost tempted to wish that he were less conscientious, but one should not, and indeed one does not, wish that."

"Struggling to keep up an estate which some kind of a cousin or nephew who lives in South Africa will inherit," said Hemingway slowly. "And I should say it is a struggle." He glanced at Haswell. "I saw he'd been cutting down a lot of timber."

"Also planting new trees, however."

"Yes, I saw that, too."

"The squire is a remarkable man," said the vicar warmly.

"Indeed, I tell him sometimes that he has all the enterprise of a man half his age! I remember when he first made up his mind to turn the common to account—I should explain, Inspector, that the common—"

"Talking about the common," interrupted Haswell, "can anything be done, Chief Inspector, to dissuade people from trailing across it, dropping litter all over it, and staring over the hedge at Fox House? It's extremely unpleasant for Miss Warrenby, to say the least of it."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" exclaimed the vicar. "This is most disgraceful! One wonders what the world is coming to! This unmannerly craving for

sensationalism! Gavin Plennmeller said something to me about it this morning, but I paid little heed, since the way in which he phrased it led me to believe that he was merely indulging in one of those jokes which I, frankly, neither like nor find in any way amusing. Inspector, something must be done!"

"I'm afraid there's nothing the police can do about it, sir—not as long as people stick to the common and the public road, and don't go creating obstructions, which they really can't be said to do, right up to the end of a blind road," repeated Hemingway.

AN anxious look came into the vicar's face. "I wonder if I were to go up and address a few words to them, pointing out to them how very

"Some of them would giggle and others would be extremely rude to you," interposed Haswell. "You'd do better to persuade Plennmeller to take on that job: he'd enjoy it, and might even succeed in dispersing the mob. Unless they lynched him."

"Haswell, Haswell, my dear friend!" the vicar reproved him.

Haswell laughed. "Don't worry! Can you imagine him lifting a finger on behalf of Warrenby's niece?"

The vicar shook his head and

said that their poor friend had a very unkind tongue, but one must strive to make allowances, and the heart knew its own bitterness.

"Well, I daresay it would sour one a bit to be as lame as he is," said Hemingway. "It's certainly an education to hear him talk, and the things he can find to say about pretty well everyone he lays his tongue to fairly made me sit up. However, I don't know that I set much store by it. It wouldn't surprise me if he was living up to a reputation for coming out with something shocking every time he opens his mouth."

The vicar bent an approving look upon him, and said in his gentle way that he was a wise man.

"I have been much distressed at the attitude he has seen fit to assume over this shocking affair," he said. "Upon the lack of Christian charity I will not enlarge, but from the worldly point of view I have ventured to warn him that the unbridled exercise of his wit is open to misconstruction. However," he added, inclining his head in the suggestion of a bow, "I perceive that my fears were groundless."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Hemingway cheerfully.

"Come to think of it, I might feel a lot more suspicious if Mr. Plennmeller had seen fit to change his tone, because from what I'm told he's been saying

for months that Mr. Warrenby would have to be got rid of. What I haven't yet been able to make out is why he had it in for Mr. Warrenby more than anyone else—which is saying something, according to what I'm told."

He paused, but the vicar merely sighed, and Haswell gave a laugh and a shrug.

"Or even," he continued thoughtfully, "if the only difference between him and the rest of the good people here who couldn't stand Mr. Warrenby was that he said just what he thought, and they didn't."

"I fear so, I fear so!" said the vicar mournfully.

There was a decided twinkle in the Chief Inspector's eye. "You, too, sir?"

"I cannot deny it," replied the vicar, sinking deeper into dejection. "One has tried not to entertain uncharitable thoughts, but the flesh is weak—terribly weak!"

"You will soon find yourself regarding with suspicion anyone who did not dislike Warrenby, Chief Inspector," said Haswell. "Let me hasten to assure you that I found him quite as objectionable as the vicar did!"

Hemingway laughed and got up. "He does seem to have made himself unpopular," he agreed. "I won't take up any more of your time now, sir."

"Not at all," said the vicar courteously. "My time is at

the disposal of those who may need it."

He then escorted Hemingway to the front door, shook hands with him, and said that he could have wished to have met him on a happier occasion.

Constable Melkintorpe then drove away, asking the Chief Inspector, as he halted the car in the vicarage gateway, which way he was to go. He was told to drive to Rose Cottage, and, after allowing a boy on a bicycle to pass down the High Street, he swung his wheel over to the left and was just chancing gear when the Chief Inspector told him to stop.

He obediently pulled in to the side of the street, and saw Major Midgeholme crossing the road towards the car.

"Good evening, sir!" said Hemingway. "Want me?"

"Yes," said the major, with an air of resolution. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I think it's my duty to put you in possession of a piece of information. Mind you, it may be nothing! I don't say I attach much importance to it, but one never knows, and in such cases as this I consider it to be every man's duty to tell the police whatever he may know."

"Quite right, sir," said Hemingway, and waited.

But the major seemed still to be a little undecided.

"Can't say I like talking about my neighbors!" he said. "But when it comes to murder, things are different. My feeling is that if what I have to say is irrelevant, there's no harm done; and if it isn't—well! There's no denying that this business has made us all sit up—do a bit of thinking! I'm not going to pretend I know who did it, because I don't. Between you and me and the gatepost there's a bit too much amateur detection going on in Thornden! Shouldn't like you to think I was trying to do your job for you, but, of course, I've thought about it a good deal, and talked it over with one or two people."

Hemingway nodded encouragingly, wondering how

To page 40

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Health Enemy No 1

He visits garbage dumps. He gets in and out of sick-rooms. He fattens on decay; revels in things disgusting. Then, laden with germs and dirt, he comes into your home and settles where a meal has been laid, or maybe on the rattle which your baby so readily puts to her mouth. To make matters worse, this filth-covered menace to health is probably immune

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long the major would take to come to the point.

"As a matter of fact," the major continued, "I was discussing it with my wife last night—she's got her own theories, but I shan't go into that, for I don't agree with her. Point is, it's been in my mind all along that the two people who disliked Warrenby the most were Drybeck and Plennmeller. Now, when Drybeck and I were on our way to the Cedars on Saturday Plennmeller joined us, and one of the things he said was that his was the only threshold in Thornden which Warrenby couldn't cross." He paused impressively.

"Well, I happened to mention that to my wife, and she told me that she had seen Warrenby go into Thornden House on Saturday morning! Of course, she doesn't know what he went for or for how long he was with Plennmeller, for she was shopping and she thought no more about it. I didn't set much store by it myself when she first told me, but I've been turning it over in my mind and I've come to the conclusion you ought to know about it."

He concluded with dignity: "As I say, there may be nothing in it. On the other hand, queer things to do—boast that Warrenby had never crossed his threshold when he'd done so that very morning! Almost as if he wanted to make sure no one should think he'd had any dealings with the fellow."

Constable Melkintorpe, glancing at the Chief Inspector to see what effect this disclosure had upon him, was not surprised to perceive that his calm was quite unruined.

"I see," said Hemingway gravely. "He'd have to be a bit of an optimist, wouldn't he, sir, to think no one would notice Mr. Warrenby going to call on him on a Saturday morning right on the village street?"

"Well," said the major, shrugging, "I've told it to you for what it's worth, that's all!" He looked up, and stiffened a little. Gavin Plennmeller, coming from the direction of his

Continuing Detection Unlimited

from page 39

house, was crossing the road diagonally towards them.

"Undergoing interrogation, laying information, or just passing the time of day, Major?" inquired Gavin. "I'm glad to see you here, Chief Inspector, and I'm sure the whole village shares my feeling. We confidently expected to see you in our midst at crack of dawn, but it was not to be. I may add that a certain amount of dissatisfaction has been felt. Action is what we want, and we did think that a real detective from London would provide us with plenty to talk about."

"Well, I must be getting along," said the major, not quite comfortably.

Gavin looked at him, a glint in his eyes.

"Now, why are you suddenly in a hurry to go away?" he wondered. "Can it be—can it possibly be—that you were telling the Chief Inspector something damaging about me?" He watched a dull red creep into the major's cheeks, and laughed. "Splendid! What was it? Or would you prefer not to tell me?"

It was patent that the major would very much have preferred not to tell him, but he was an officer and a gentleman, and he was not going to turn and run in the face of fire. He said boldly: "Seems to me that you've done so much talking yourself about people that you can't very well object if the tables are turned."

"Of course I don't object!" said Gavin cordially. "I merely hope that you've dug up something good about me."

"I haven't dug up anything. Not my business to pry into your affairs! And if you want to know what's been sticking in my mind, it's this!—Why did you tell me that Warrenby had never crossed your threshold?"

"Did I?" said Gavin, faintly surprised.

"You know quite well you did!"

"I don't. It's quite possible, of course, and I shouldn't dream of denying it, but when

did I make this momentous statement?"

"You said it to Drybeck and me when we were walking up Wood Lane on Saturday. You said that yours was the only threshold he couldn't cross."

"I spoke no less than the truth, then. Yes, I remember: Our Thaddeus came a bit pleased, was he? But what is this leading up to?"

"That won't wash, Plennmeller!" said the major, gaining assurance with indignation. "Warrenby had crossed your threshold that very morning!"

"Take note, Chief Inspector," said Gavin, quite unmoved, "that I instantly and categorically deny this infamous accusation!"

"It may interest you to know, however, that my wife saw him go into your house!"

GAVIN said amiably, "Your wife lies in her throat, Major. She may have seen Warrenby enter my garden. In fact, if she was in the High Street at the time, I should think she could hardly have escaped seeing that. She may even have noticed his very vulgar car parked at my gate. Now tell me how she saw through a brick wall, and I shall be all interest!"

The major looked a good deal taken aback, and a little sceptical. "Are you telling me he didn't enter your house?"

"You oughtn't to need telling," Gavin reproved him. "He found me in the garden, and in the garden we remained. I don't say he didn't make a spirited attempt to cross my threshold, for he did. He had the impertinence to suggest that we should go into the house, which forced me to disclose to him that to admit him would be to break a solemn vow."

The major gasped. "You can't have said such a thing!"

"Nonsense, you know very well that I find not the smallest difficulty in saying to

people's faces precisely what I say behind their backs!"

The Chief Inspector intervened at this point. "Why did he want to cross your threshold, sir?"

"Vaulting ambition, perhaps. It may be said to have overleapt itself. Or do you want to know why he wanted to see me?"

"That's it," said Hemingway. "Ah! Well, he came to remonstrate with me. At least that was how he phrased it. He seemed to think I had been inserting a spoke into his wheel on various occasions, and it had come to his ears—one wonders how!—that I had spoken of him in opprobrious terms. So I told him that these allegations were true, and he then asserted that he would know how to put a stop to my activities. How he proposed to do any such thing I am unable to tell you, and, of course, we shall now never know what Napoleonic scheme he may have had in mind. I can only say that he failed to convince me that he had evolved any form of counter-attack whatsoever."

He went on pleasantly: "The remonstrance somewhat rapidly deteriorated into sound and fury. He favored me with a catalogue of the services he had rendered to the county, adding, a trifle infelicitously, I felt, a list of the distinguished persons whom he had—as he regretfully put it—forced to play ball with him. After that he became incoherent, and I showed him out the premises."

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed the major, bristling with suspicion. "Seems a queer thing you didn't tell Drybeck and me that you'd had this quarrel with Warrenby!"

"My very dear major," said Gavin sweetly, "in the first place there was no quarrel; I never gratify my enemies by allowing them to lure me into losing my temper. In the second place, I have not so far been conscious of the smallest impulse to confide my minor triumphs to a Drybeck or a Midgeholme. And, in the third,



I have long realised that in my not wholly unsuccessful attempts to depress Warrenby's pretensions I have been playing a lone hand."

"You're the most offensive fellow I have met in all my life!" said the major, his face by this time richly suffused with color. "I will not stand here bandying words with you!"

"No, I didn't think you would," said Gavin. He watched the major stride off down the street, and said pensively: "It's a mystery to me that so many persons find it impossible to shake off crashing bores. Did you ever see a fish take the fly more readily?"

Hemingway said, ignoring this question, "What made you dislike Mr. Warrenby so particularly, sir?"

"Sheer antipathy, Chief Inspector. Mixed with a certain amount of aversion. The blood of the Plennmellers arose in me when I saw that repulsive upstart storming every citadel, including the Ainstables'."

I rarely managed to earn my brother's approval when he was alive, but now that he is dead I feel sure I'm behaving just as he would have wished. Which is what people so often do, isn't it? There's a moral to be

drawn from that, but I beg you won't! Do you want to know any more about Warrenby's ill-advised visit to me, or have you had enough of it?"

"I'd like to know how he thought he could make you stop running him down," said Hemingway, fixing Gavin with a bright, inquiring gaze.

"So would I, but it was never disclosed. I discount his veiled threat to take me into court on a charge of uttering slander. My imagination boggles at the thought of such a man as Warrenby complaining publicly of the things I've said about him. Not quite the kind of notoriety he craved for, you know!"

"Oh, he did threaten to take you into court, sir?"

"He did, and I promised him that I should do my best to ensure his winning his case. He was not in the least grateful. In his blundering way he was not devoid of intelligence. Tell me, Chief Inspector!—have you in your diligent research come upon the name of Nenthall?"

"Why do you ask me that, sir?" countered Hemingway. There was a derisive gleam in Gavin's eyes.

"I'm not at all sure, but I

To page 41

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see that you haven't. Well, when you have finished following up the theories put forward by the village half-wits, you might find it profitable to discover what was the significance of that name. I can't help you: I never heard it until it was tossed, with apparent carelessness, into the conversation at the Red Lion, one evening about a month ago."

"Who-by?" asked Hemingway.

"By Warrenby, upon receiving a well-merited snub from Lindale. He asked Lindale if the name conveyed anything to him. Lindale replied that it did not, but it was all too apparent that it conveyed a great deal to him."

"Oh! And what happened then?"

"Nothing happened. Our curiosity remained unsatisfied. Warrenby said that he had just wondered, and the incident terminated. It appeared to me, however, that the question had had a profound effect upon Lindale—and I just wonder, too."

"When you talk of a profound effect, sir, what exactly do you mean?"

"Well," said Gavin thoughtfully, "it did occur to me for one moment that I might be going to witness a murder. But you have to bear in mind, of course, that I am by profession a novelist. Perhaps I allowed my imagination to get the better of me. But I still wonder, Chief Inspector!"

He removed his hand from the door of the car, favored Hemingway with one of his sardonic smiles, and limped away.

Constable Melkintorpe's feelings got the better of him. He drew an audible breath. "Well!" he uttered. "He's a one, and no mistake! Blessed if I know what to make of him!"

"As no one wants to make anything of him, that needn't keep you awake! Get on with it!" said Hemingway tartly.

A few minutes later the police car was standing outside Rose Cottage and the Chief Inspector was making the acquaintance of Mrs. Ditchling and five of her seven children, who ranged in age from Gert, who was twenty, to Jackerleen, who was six.

He would willingly have dispensed with the introductions which were forced upon him, but while Mrs. Ditchling was cast into housewifely distraction by his visit, because she was afraid he would find the place a bit untidy—which was her way of describing a scene of such chaos as might be expected to exist in a very small cottage inhabited by seven persons, most of whom were of tender years—it was obviously considered by the rest of the family to constitute a red-letter day in their lives.

Alfie, a young gentleman in velvet knickers and a Fair Isle jersey, went so far as to dash out into the garden at the back of the cottage yelling to his brother Claud to come quick, or else he wouldn't see the detective.

WHEN he later described the scene to Inspector Harbottle, Hemingway admitted that he lost his grip at the outset. The Ditchlings were not only friendly: they were gregarious and inquisitive, and they all talked at once.

The Chief Inspector, stunned by his reception, found himself weakly admiring a hideous toy rabbit made of pink plush, shown him by Jackerleen—or, as she was mercifully called, Jackie, answering questions fired at him with the remorselessness of machine-guns by Alfie and his brother Claud; and endorsing Mrs. Ditchling's opinion that for Edie to leave her place, steady job in a draper's shop to become a film star would be an act of unparalleled folly.

He was also put in possession

Continuing

of much information, such as the entire history of the late Mr. Ditchling's untimely demise; of the rapid rise, in millinery, of Gert; of the medals Claud had won as a Boy Scout; of the trouble his mother had had over Alfie's adenoids; of the letter Ted had written from his training camp; and of the high opinion his employer held of Reg, who, unfortunately, was going to the pictures that evening and so had not come home after work.

"He will be upset!" said Mrs. Ditchling.

Everyone seemed to feel that the absent Reg was missing a rare treat, Gert saying that it was a shame, and Jackerleen asking her mother several times, with increasing tearfulness, if Reg wouldn't come home to see the plecceman.

When the Chief Inspector at last managed to make known the reason for his visit the confusion grew worse, for Mrs. Ditchling, shocked to learn that his rifle had not yet been returned to the vicar, related in detail the circumstances of the

several times that Ted had told Reg particular not to forget to take the rifle back for him. Edie said that that was Reg all over, and Alfie, armed thrills with one another on the certain whereabouts of the weapon, and Jackerleen reiterated her demand to know if Reg was not coming home to see the plecceman.

"Well, I hope he's not!" said Hemingway, plucking the two boys apart and giving each a shake.

"Stop it, the pair of you! You shut up, Alfie! Now then, Claud! If you're a Wolf Cub, you just tell me where your brother put the vicar's rifle—and if I see you try to kick Alfie again I'll tell the scoutmaster about you, so now!"

Thus admonished, Claud disclosed that Ted put the rifle in his workshop, to be safe; and the whole party at once trooped out into the narrow strip of garden at the rear of the cottage.

At the end of this was a wooden shed which, Mrs. Ditchling proudly informed Hemingway, Ted had erected with his own hands. But as the door into it was locked and the key—if not mislaid or taken away in a moment of aberration by Ted—was in the absent Reg's possession, Claud's statement could not be verified.

A suggestion put forward by Alfie, who wanted action, that the lock should be forced, was vetoed by the Chief Inspector. He issued instructions that Reg was to bring the vicar's rifle to the police station in Bellingham on his way to work on the following morning, refused the offer of a cup of tea, and left the premises.

He was accompanied to the door by the entire family, who saw him off in the friendliest way, the two boys begging him to come to see them again, and Jackerleen not only saying goodbye to him on her own behalf, but adding, by proxy, and in a squeaky voice, the plush rabbit's farewell.

This scene so much astonished Constable Melkintorpe that instead of showing his efficiency by starting his engine and opening the door for Hemingway to get into the car, he sat staring with his mouth open.

"Yes, you didn't know I was their long-lost uncle, did you?" said Hemingway. "For goodness' sake, start her up, and look as if you were going to drive me to Bellingham or we shall have Claud and Alfie trying to storm the car!"

"Where am I to drive you, sir?" asked Melkintorpe.

"To the end of the row. I'm going to call on Ladislav, but I don't want that gang flattening their noses against the window."

Fortunately the rude suc-

Detection Unlimited

from page 40

ceeded, and by the time the car had reached the end of the row the Ditchlings had retired again indoors. Hemingway got out of the car and walked back to Mrs. Dockray's cottage.

It was by this time nearly six o'clock, and Ladislav had returned from work. Ushered into the front sitting-room by Mrs. Dockray, who eyed him with considerable hostility, the Chief Inspector found that Ladislav was entertaining two unexpected visitors. Mavis Warrenby, attired from head to foot in funeral black, and Abby Dearham had called to see him on their way back by country omnibus from Bellingham.

IT did not seem to Hemingway that the girls' visit was affording Ladislav any pleasure. He was a handsome young man, with dark and romantically waving locks, and brown eyes, as shy as a fawn's. He was plainly frightened of the Chief Inspector, and lost no time in telling him, in very good English, that the ladies had just looked in on their way home.

Miss Warrenby enlarged on this, saying in her earnest way: "Mr. Zamagorski is a great friend of mine, and I felt I must show him that I utterly believe in him and know he had nothing to do with my poor uncle's death."

Looking anything but grateful for this testimony, Ladislav said: "It is so kind!"

Bestowing a smile of quiet understanding on him, Miss Warrenby took his hand and pressed it in a speaking way.

"You must have faith, Laddy," she said gently. "And shut your ears to gossip, as I do. I often think how much better the world would be, if people would only remember the monkeys."

"But what good shall it do to remember monkeys?" cried Ladislav, recovering possession of his hand. "Pardon! This is not sensible, to talk of monkeys!"

"You don't understand. Three little monkeys, illustrating what I always feel is a maxim we ought to try to—"

"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil!" interrupted Abby triumphantly. "It's all right, Ladislav: it's only a saying, or something. Come on, Mavis! If the Chief Inspector wants to talk to Ladislav we'd better clear out!"

Ladislav looked uncertainly from Hemingway to the two girls. Mavis said that perhaps he would prefer her to remain, her voice conveying so strong a suggestion that there existed between them a beautiful understanding that he looked more frightened than ever and made haste to disclaim any desire for her support.

So Mavis began reluctantly to collect her numerous parcels, and the Chief Inspector, retrieving from under the table a paper carrier, handed it to her, saying that she seemed to have been doing a lot of shopping.

"Only mourning," Mavis replied reverently. "I know it's out of date to go into mourning, but I think myself it is a mark of respect. So I asked Miss Dearham if she would go into Bellingham with me, because I didn't quite feel I could go alone—though I know I must get used to being alone now."

As she spoke she turned her eyes towards Ladislav, who avoided her gaze, looking instead, and with considerable trepidation, at Hemingway.

"Quite so," said Hemingway. "Did you respect your uncle, miss?"

This direct question made her blink at him. "What an extraordinary thing to ask me!"

she said. "Of course I did!" "Do you mean really, or because he's dead?" asked Abby, unable to suppress her curiosity.

"Abby, I know you don't mean it, but I do so hate that cynical sort of talk! I was very, very fond of Uncle Sampson, and naturally I respected him."

"Well, that interests me very much," said Hemingway. "Because, if you don't mind my saying so, miss, you seem to be about the only person I've met who did respect him."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "I know him better than anyone else did."

"Just what I was thinking," agreed Hemingway. "So perhaps you can tell me why he managed to get himself disliked. Now, don't say he wasn't disliked, because I know he was, and you must have known it too!"

If he had hoped to startle her out of her self-possession by these bludgeon-like tactics he was destined to be disappointed. She retained her calm, merely looking at him in a soulful way.

"I always think it's such a pity to judge by exterior, don't you? My dear uncle had lots of little foibles, but under them he had a heart of gold. People just didn't know him. Of course, he wasn't perfect—everyone has some faults, haven't they? But it's like that beautiful little verse I learned when I was at school, and made up my mind I'd try to live up to."

She sighed, smiled, and recited in a rapid tone: "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly becomes any of us to talk about the rest of us."

"Gosh!" uttered Abby, revolted. "Did they really make you learn rancid things like that at your school? Mine was much better! We used to learn really good things, like 'Fair stood the wind for France,' and 'Edward, Edward,' and 'Lord Randal, my son.' There was some sense in that! Come on, we must go!"

The Chief Inspector raising no objection, she then hustled Mavis out of the room, and was heard adjuring her in the passage not to talk such ghastly tripe, because it made everyone want to be sick.

The Chief Inspector was left confronting Ladislav, who appeared to believe that he had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo.

"I can tell you nothing!" he declared, standing with his back to the wall. "It does not matter what you do to me, I can tell you nothing, for I know nothing!"

"Well, if that's so it wouldn't be any use doing anything to you," remarked Hemingway. "Not that I was going to. I don't know what antics they get up to in Poland, but in England you don't have to be afraid of the police. Are you and Miss Warrenby going to get married, may I ask?"

"Not a thousand times no!" "All right, all right, there's no need to get excited about it! Just a friend of yours?"

"She is most kind," said Ladislav more quietly but watching him suspiciously. "I do not have many friends here. When I am presented to her I am pleased, for she is sympathetic, she asks me about my own country, and she herself is not happy, for that one, her uncle is a tyrant, and like me, she does not have friends. I do not think of marriage. I swear it!"

"Her uncle was unkind to Miss Warrenby, was he?"

"But yes! She does not say so—she is very good, she makes no complaint—but I have eyes, I am not a fool! She does the work of a servant, for it is a large house that, and there is

To page 42

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728

Continuing

only one servant. Miss Warrenby has told me that when the other became married to the gardener Mr. Warrenby would not have another to replace her, for he was not generous, and he said Miss Warrenby had nothing to do, so she should do work in the house. And always she must be obedient, and she must be at home to wait on this uncle, and to be polite to his friends, but her own friends she must not have, not!"

"Didn't like her making a friend of you, in fact? How was that?"

"I am Polish!" Ladislav uttered bitterly.

"He didn't by any chance get it into his head that you wanted to marry Miss Warrenby?"

"It is untrue!"

"All right, don't get excited! Did you see Mr. Warrenby when you went to the house on Saturday?"

"No!"

"Yes, you did. What was he doing?"

Ladislav broke into impassioned speech, the gist of the torrent of words which burst from him being that if he were not a foreigner the Chief Inspector would not dare to question him or to doubt his word.

"In my job we get into the way of doubting people's word," said Hemingway. "Besides, you've got a trick of telling first one story and then another, which confuses me. You told Sergeant Carathorn you didn't go to Fox House, and when he didn't believe that, you said you did."

You told him you went to the back door. Which leads me to think that you knew Mr. Warrenby was in the house, because you'd seen him. I daresay you reconnoitred a bit, and I'm sure I don't blame you, for he seems to have been the sort of man no one would have wanted to meet if they could have avoided it. So now you tell me just what did happen!"

This matter-of-fact speech appeared to damp Ladislav's passion. After staring at Hemingway for a moment he said in a flattened voice: "When I said I did not see him I mean—I mean—"

"You mean you did," supplied Hemingway. "Comes of being foreign and not being able to speak English right, I daresay."

Ladislav gulped. "He was in his study. He was reading some papers."

Hemingway nodded. "At his desk? You could see him from the road, easy, if that was where he was. So, then, according to what you told Carathorn, you slipped up to the back door, which, I must say, seems to me a silly thing to have done, because, for one thing, I've seen the path which the tradesmen use, and it runs up that side of the house, so that I should have thought you'd have caught Mr. Warrenby's eye; and, for another, unless he was uncommonly deaf, I should have expected him to have heard you knocking on the back door."

"Now I shall tell you the truth!" said Ladislav impulsively. "I did not go to the door! I went away, because I do not wish to make trouble for Miss Warrenby, and if her uncle is at home it is plain to me that she cannot go with me anywhere. It makes nothing!"

"Only a bit of extra work for the police, and that's fair enough, isn't it?" said Hemingway.

He left Ladislav hovering between doubt and relief, and went out to find that Constable Melkinthorpe was no longer alone. He had left the car and was standing beside it, grinning down at an aged and respectable individual in a much-patched suit of clothes and a greasy cap, which he wore at

Detection Unlimited

[from page 41]

want to see me about, will you?"

"That's right, my lad, you listen to me, and you'll get made a sergeant!" said Mr. Biggleswade approvingly. "Cos I know who done this 'ere murder!"

"You do?" said Hemingway. "He don't know anything of the sort, sir!" expostulated Hobkirk. "He's in his dotage! Sergeant! Why, you silly old fool!"

"You leave him alone!" said Hemingway briefly. "Come on, grandfather! Who did do it?"

An expression of intense cunning came into the wizened countenance of Mr. Biggleswade. "Mind, I'll ave me pitcher in the papers!" he warned the Chief Inspector. "And if there's a reward, I'll ave that too! Else I won't tell you nothing!"

"That's all right," said Hemingway encouragingly. "If you can tell me the name of the man I'm after, I'll take a photo of you myself!"

Much gratified, Mr. Biggleswade said: "You're a smart lad, that's wot you are! Well, if you want to know 'oo done it I'll tell you! It were young Reg Ditchling!"

"Father!" said his daughter, imploringly. "It isn't right to go taking that poor boy's character away from him! I keep telling you you've got it all wrong!"

"Reg Ditchling," repeated Mr. Biggleswade, nodding his hoary head mysteriously. "And don't you let no one tell you different! I was upon that there common, ah, and not so far from Fox Lane neither!"

and I 'eared a shot. Plain as I 'ar you yammering now I 'eared it, and don't none of you start talking to me about no backfires, 'cos there ain't any man living knows more about gunshots than wot I do! I didn't pay no 'ced, 'cos it weren't none of my business, but 'oo do you think I seen not ten minutes later, 'iding behind a blackberry bush?"

"Reg Ditchling," replied Hemingway promptly. "You leave me tell it you meself!" said Mr. Biggleswade, affronted. "Reg Ditchling it was! And what might you be up to?" I says to 'im, 'Nuthin'!"

"e says, scared like, 'Oh, nuthin' is it? I says to 'im, 'And 'oo give you that rifle, my lad?' I says, 'Then 'e 'ands me a lot of sauce and makes off, and I went up to the Red Lion to 'ave a pint afore me tea."

"Yes!" interjected his daughter. "And when I went up to fetch you home it was all of seven o'clock, and Mr. Crailin told me you'd been there half an hour!"

Hobkirk had edged himself up to the Chief Inspector.

"That's right, what she says, sir," he murmured, "but make the silly old fool listen to a word of sense. I can't! I'll have a few words to say to Reg Ditchling when I get hold of him, borrowing runs he's got no right to have, but if he did any shooting on the common that day it was a good hour before Mr. Warrenby was killed. And I wouldn't believe that old rascal, not if he was to swear to it on his Bible oath! It's all on account of old Mr. Horley being interviewed for the local paper the day he was ninety! Nothing'll do for Biggleswade but to get into the papers as well."

"Well, I hope he manages to pull it off," said Hemingway, watching appreciatively the spirited way in which Mr. Biggleswade was resisting his daughter's attempts to drag him homewards. "A very lively old gentleman I call him. He deserves to get his picture in the papers."

Hobkirk eyed him doubt-

To page 44

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VEGETABLES IN WINTER

There is still time to make a winter vegetable garden if you start work at once. Seed can be sown in many areas, but in the colder climates it will be better to save time by using seedlings of vegetables suited to transplanting.

THE main secret of success at any time of the year, but especially in the colder months, is preparation of the soil. If this has not been done already, the garden beds should be dug over thoroughly with a spade, which gives the best results.

Drive the blade in to its full depth, provided this does not turn up sub-soil, remove the spade-ful of soil, and completely invert it. Slash with the blade to break any lumps.

Leave the upturned soil for a week. A longer period is preferable, but as the season is advancing, and full use must be made of the remainder of the summer warmth, a week must suffice.

Next add a really good dressing of well-rotted manure or compost to improve the soil condition and supply plant food. Dig it in thoroughly, at the same time working the soil to a fine tilth.

The second vital factor to success is good seedlings.

It is best to raise your own seedlings because you can then choose the variety, and you know they have been grown properly.

However, at this stage there is greater advantage in gaining the extra time, so if you haven't any seedlings coming along buy some from a reputable nurseryman.

Now comes the momentous question: What to plant?

Cabbage is a good standby, and is easy to grow provided caterpillars of the white butterfly are controlled with DDT. Jersey Wakefield and Golden Acre, the small-headed varieties, are best suited to the home garden. Enkhuizen Glory has good flavor, but is somewhat bigger. Succession is too big for families smaller than eight or nine.

Before transplanting the cabbages, dig 2oz. of complete fertiliser into each square yard of soil. Space the plants from 2 to 2½ feet apart, depending on the size of the variety.

Keep the plants growing steadily by watering with liquid manure or applying a nitrogenous fertiliser — sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda — and watering it in. Do this once a month.

Cauliflowers can be planted, too. Choose an early maturing variety like Nugget, Early Snow White, Hawkesbury Solid White, or Early Phenomenal. Before transplanting dig two to three ounces of complete fertiliser into each square yard of soil. Space plants about three feet apart.

Give a good dressing of nitrogenous fertiliser as the flowerets begin to form, and always keep a watch for caterpillars.

Broccoli is becoming very popular. It resists cold weather better than cauliflower, and gives a bigger harvest over a longer period. It is grown like cauliflower.

It is too late to plant Brussels sprouts. Potatoes can be planted in districts with frost-free winters. Katahdin and Sebago have excellent quality. If these are unobtainable, Factor is a good choice.

Mark out a row for the tubers and dig a furrow about 7in. deep, and along it scatter 3oz. of complete fertiliser to each linear yard. Cover with 2in. of soil and plant the sprouted tubers 15in. apart. Rows should be 2 to 2½ feet apart. Replace soil in the furrow and firm down.

In frost-free areas carrot seed can be sown. If possible select a garden bed which has been heavily manured for a previous crop. Fresh manure or fertiliser causes forking in the carrot.

Red Core Chantenay, Short Horn, and Imperator are all suitable varieties. Sow seed thinly in the permanent bed, ½in. deep in rows 1 foot apart, and when seedlings are 2in. high thin out to 3 to 4in. apart.

Peas can be sown in most districts except the cold tablelands of the southern States. As recommended for potatoes, place complete fertiliser (2oz. to each linear yard) beneath the seed row, about 4in. from the surface. Just before sowing, dust seed with a fungicide.

Sow seed 1½ to 2in. deep and 1 to 2in. apart in rows 2½ feet apart. Provide trellises of brush or twigs for the plants to climb on.

Silver beet can be sown now. Under the seed row place 1oz. of complete fertiliser to each linear yard, 4in. below the surface.

Plant seed 1in. deep and 1 foot apart. A small clump of seedlings will come up, which should be thinned to one. The thinnings can be transplanted. Apply liquid manure or nitrogenous fertiliser once a month.

White turnips can be sown in all districts, and swedes anywhere except the cold tableland areas of southern States. Turnips and swedes should be fertilised about 4in. under the seed row with 1oz. of complete fertiliser to each linear yard. Sow ½in. deep, and later thin out white turnips to 4in. apart. Thin out swedes to 6 to 7in. apart.

Seed of the early white onion can be sown now, but it is too early for the brown varieties.

A bed should be prepared for broad beans, and the seed sown next month.

GARDENING

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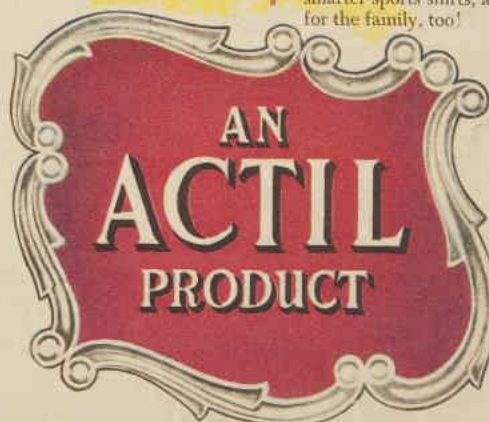
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fully. "If you had to see as much of him as I do, sir—"

"Bless you, he wouldn't worry me! Have you had many villagers trying to do a bit of detection?"

"Sir," said Hobkirk earnestly, "you wouldn't believe it! Something chronic, it is! I've had to choke off more silly fat-heads who saw people there don't like now more than half a mile from Fox House, where near the time Mr. Warrenby was shot—well, as I say, you wouldn't hardly credit it!"

"That's where you're wrong, because I would," said Hemingway. "Now then, grandfather! You go off home and have your tea, and don't you worry any more about it! I won't forget what you've told me! Come on, Melkinthorpe! Bellingham!"

At the police station Hemingway found the Chief Constable awaiting him, and chafing a little.

"Sorry, sir! Did you want to speak to me?" he said cheerfully. "I've been a bit held up by the local talent." He saw that he had puzzled the colonel, and added: "Amateur detectives, sir: the place is swarming with them."

"Oh!" said the colonel rather blankly. "Very annoying! Got anything to tell me?"

"No, sir, I can't say I have. The soup's thickening nicely, which is as far as I'm prepared to go at the moment."

"You seem pleased," said the colonel.

"I am," admitted Hemingway. "In my experience, sir, the thicker it gets the quicker you'll solve it. Can you tell me anything about the way Mr. Ainstable's estate is settled?"

"No," replied the colonel, looking at him narrowly. "I can't. Except that the heir is Ainstable's nephew. Do you mean it's entailed?"

"Not exactly, no. At some date a settlement was made, but what the terms of it were I don't know. The squire doesn't own the estate, that's all I know."

Colonel Scales stared at him. "I had no idea—are you sure of your facts, Hemingway?"

"I'm sure he's only the tenant-for-life, sir, and I know the name of the firm of solicitors who act for the trustees of the settlement. But that's just about all I do know. How old was Mr. Ainstable's son when he was killed?"

The colonel reflected. "He and my boy were at school together, so he must have been nineteen—and—no, he was a few months older than Michael. About twenty."

"Not of age. Then the estate must have been settled by his grandfather, or resettled by him. It can't have been resettled by this man while his son was still a minor. I'm not very well up in these things, but I did once have a case which hinged on the settlement of a big estate."

"How did you find all this out?" demanded the colonel. "I should doubt whether anyone except, I suppose, Drybeck, knows anything about Ainstable's affairs. And Drybeck wouldn't talk about a client's private business!"

"Properly speaking," replied Hemingway, "it was Harbottle who discovered it. And Mr. Drybeck wasn't the only person who knew there'd been a settlement. Sampson Warrenby knew it. And unless I'm much mistaken, Mr. Haswell knows it too—or at any rate suspects it."

"I should have said that Warrenby was the last man in the world Ainstable would have confided in! But go on."

"I'm dead sure he didn't confide in him, sir. Warrenby found it out. There's a copy of a letter he wrote to the solicitors of the trustees, saying that he had a client that

Continuing . . . Detection Unlimited

(from page 42)

was interested in Mr. Ainstable's gravel pit, and that he was informed they were the proper people for him to apply to. And there's an answer from this firm, all very plain, stating that although any money would have to be paid to them, acting for the trustees, to be apportioned as between the tenant-for-life and the trust funds, all such contracts were a matter for Mr. Ainstable only. Now, on the face of it, it looks as if Warrenby must have approached Mr. Drybeck, knowing him to be Mr. Ainstable's solicitor, and been passed on by him to this London firm."

"I suppose so," said the colonel, staring at him.

"Yes, sir, only I've met a lot of false faces in my time, and it's my belief this is one of them. I don't doubt Warrenby got the information he wanted out of Mr. Drybeck, but I should say he didn't appear in the matter himself. In fact, I don't know how he managed it, which is probably just as well, because I've got a strong notion that if ever I got to the bottom of the methods the late lamented employed to find out things about his neigh-

Thornden couldn't help but know it. I think something made him suspect the squire's estate had been settled, and he wanted to know just how the land lay. He hadn't a hope of getting Mr. Drybeck to tell him anything, so he went about the job in a different way."

"I should like you to tell me exactly what's in your mind, Hemingway," said the colonel in a level voice.

"Well, sir, taking one thing with another, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that the squire's committing waste—and has been doing so ever since his boy was killed. Now, as I say, I'm not an expert, but I do know that if you've got a settled estate, and you go selling its capital, in a manner of speaking—timber, mineral rights, and suchlike—about two-thirds of what you make out of it has to be put into the estate funds."

He paused, but the colonel said nothing. "And if you put the whole sum into your own pocket—or perhaps invest it so that your wife will be left comfortably off when you're dead

I don't mind saying that I've got a lot of sympathy for the squire, because he's been hamstrung by a settlement that was meant to make everything safe and snug."

"If the boy had lived to be twenty-one, I don't doubt the estate would have been resettled and provision made for Mrs. Ainstable. But he didn't, and it looks to me very much as if the squire knows that nephew of his wouldn't look at it the same way his son would have. Well, when I saw Mr. and Mrs. Ainstable, I thought she looked a lot more likely to die than he did. But when I left Old Place, I went and paid a call on the vicar, and that's where I learned that the squire has a bad heart."

"Angina," said the colonel shortly. "But, as far as I know, he's only had two not very severe attacks."

"Yes, Mr. Haswell, who happened to be with the vicar when I called, said there was no reason why Mr. Ainstable shouldn't live for a good many years yet. On the other hand, you don't have to be a doctor to know that he might go very suddenly. That adds quite a bit of color to what I'd already noticed. Which was that when I mentioned those two letters Harbottle found in Warrenby's office I knew I'd given the squire and Mrs. Ainstable a nasty jolt. I got the impression that the last thing either of them wanted me to do was to start nosing round that gravel pit, or all the timber he's been felling."

He added slowly, "On top of that, when the vicar started to say something about the gravel pit, Mr. Haswell nipped in as neat as you please, and flicked his mind off on to something quite different. Which leads me to think that he's got pretty much the same idea as I have about what the squire's up to."

There was a short silence. Colonel Scales broke it. "This is a nasty affair, Hemingway! Well, it's up to you—and I'm glad it is. If you're right—if Warrenby was blackmailing the squire, not for money, but merely to force him to sponsor him socially—does that, in your view, constitute a sufficient motive for murder?"

Hemingway rose to his feet.

"I don't remember, offhand, how many cases I've had, sir," he said dryly. "A good few. But I couldn't tell you what constitutes a motive for murder, nor yet what doesn't. Some of the worst I've handled were committed for reasons you wouldn't even consider to be possible—if homicide didn't happen to be your job. You can't need me to tell you that, sir."

"No," said the colonel. "But it depends on the type of man involved."

"That's right, sir: it does." The colonel glanced up. "Blackmail," he said heavily. "Yes, that's a motive, Chief Inspector—a strong motive."

"Yes, and it gives us a nice wide field," agreed Hemingway. "Because, unless I miss my bet, I don't think the squire was the only person Warrenby was putting the black on." He glanced at his watch. "If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll be leaving you. I told my chief I'd be giving him a ring about now." He walked over to the door and looked back as he opened it, a twinkle in his eye.

"I've got upwards of half-a-dozen people who could have committed this murder, as far as their alibis go, which is nowhere," he remarked. "At least four of them have got what'll pass for motives, and in the end it will very likely turn out

Beauty in brief:

MAKE-UP TO WEAR WITH YELLOW

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Plenty of women noting Queen Elizabeth's liking for yellow in her tour wardrobe will be wondering, "Does it suit me?"

YELLOW is a color that can look stunning on some people. On many others it looks sunny and attractive. But yellow which shades towards green is best left alone when the natural complexion is very pale or sallow.

To wear yellow successfully—and remember that it is a color of infinite variety—it's mostly a matter of choosing a becoming basic color and combining it with the right make-up.

In this connection it is beauty-wise to follow the established rule, which is: If you are wearing yellow tonings, keep to yellow-red or clear red lipsticks.

Here's a short guide which may help you select flattering make-up:

Honey-yellow takes gentle pink powder and foundation and golden-pink lipstick.

Team ivory-tinted face powder and foundation and clear red lipstick with deep maize tonings.

Try peach-tones in powder and base, and lipstick in deep, soft pink if you venture into shallow lemon-yellow.

bores I'd very likely get up a subscription for the man who did him in, instead of arresting him."

"I don't follow you," the colonel said. "Why should Warrenby not appear in the matter? It seems to me that if he had a client—"

"Yes, sir, but another strong notion I have is that he hadn't got any such thing. Seems highly unnatural to me that Mr. Drybeck should never have mentioned the matter to the squire, and that he didn't I'm quite satisfied. It came as news to Mr. Ainstable—and not such very pleasant news either."

The colonel stirred restlessly. "What makes you think there was no client?"

"The fact that we don't hear anything more about him, sir. Having gone to the trouble of finding out who was the right person to apply to, Warrenby didn't apply to him."

"He might, surely, have discovered that the lease of the pit had already been granted," objected the colonel.

"I'll go further than that, sir. He might have known it all along. In fact, he must have known it. Everyone in

—well, that's committing waste."

The colonel raised his eyes from their frowning contemplation of the blotter on his desk. "That's a pretty serious charge, Chief Inspector."

"It is, sir. Only, of course, I'm not concerned with what Mr. Ainstable may be doing with his estate, except in so far as it might have a bearing on this case. It isn't a criminal offence."

"What do you mean to do?" "Get the department to make a few discreet inquiries for me. There won't be any noise made over it, but it's got to be done."

"Of course," said the colonel, a little stiffly. "If you think you have enough evidence to justify an inquiry."

"Well, I do think so, sir. To start with, I've got reason to suspect that Warrenby had some sort of a hold over the squire. To go on with, I've had a look at that estate, and I can see there's precious little money being spent on it and a tidy sum being taken out of it. Then I find that it's going to a nephew who, by all accounts, is next door to being a stranger to the squire. And

To page 45

to be someone I haven't begun to consider yet."

"I hope you may be right," said the colonel.

There was no one in the small office temporarily allotted to the Chief Inspector, but he saw that Harbottle had been there before him, for a pile of papers had been laid on the desk. He sat down, pushed the papers to one side, and drew the telephone towards him.

He was speedily connected with his immediate superior, Superintendent Hinckley, and was greeted by him with asperity and a total lack of formality, the superintendent saying, with awful sarcasm, that it was nice to hear his voice, and adding that there was nothing he liked better than to be kept hanging about at headquarters, particularly when he happened to have an appointment.

To this the Chief Inspector replied suitably, not omitting to animadvert upon persons who sat all day with their feet on desks. After which interchange of civilities the superintendent laughed and said: "Well, how's it going, Stanley?"

"I've seen worse. What have you got for me?"

"Nothing that's likely to interest you, I'm afraid. Seems quite straightforward. Born in 1914, in Nottinghamshire. Only son of the Reverend James Arthur Lindale. Father still living, mother died in 1933; two sisters, one married, the other single. Educated at Stillingborough College. Joined his uncle's firm of Lindale and Grewe, stockbrokers, in 1933. Became a member of the Stock Exchange, 1935. Called up in 1939 and served with the R.A. until 1946, when he was demobilised—do you want his military record? He served all over the place, and picked up a D.S.O. Ended up as a major, in Germany."

"No, I don't think that's likely to be of much use. What's he been doing since he was demobilised?"

"He went back to the Stock Exchange for nearly five years. Lived in bachelor chambers, in Jernyn Street. There's nothing known about him, barring the bare facts I've given you. Hasn't even had his driving licence endorsed. He left the Stock Exchange at the end of 1950. That's all I've got for you."

"I'm bound to say it isn't promising," said Hemingway. "What about his wife?"

"He hasn't got one."

"Yes, he has!" Hemingway said impatiently. "And a baby. I told you so, and what's more I asked you to look into her record, too!"

"I know you did, but I haven't got anything here about her."

"Who handled this?" demanded Hemingway suspiciously.

"Jimmy Wroxham."

"Oh!" said Hemingway. "Well, it's not like him to miss anything that's wanted. But I've seen the set-up: husband and wife and one baby a year old. By what Lindale told me, I should say he was married about two years ago."

"No record," replied the superintendent. "Jimmy had a talk with one of the partners of the firm he used to be with, and he didn't seem to know where he was now or what he was doing. Said he left the Stock Exchange because he was unsettled by the war."

"That's pretty much what Lindale told me. But, by what you've just read to me, it looks as though it took him five years to decide he couldn't stick city life any longer. Did you say he had a couple of sisters living?"

"Yes. The elder one lives with the father—he's got a parish somewhere in the Midlands—and the younger one's married to a shipowner. Lives up near Birkenhead."

"Well, that's some way off. Might account

Continuing . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 44

for her never having been seen in these parts. I should have thought the other one would have visited him, though. Oh, well! Perhaps she can't leave the old man. Did Jimmy see the uncle?"

"No, he died in the last year of the war. No Lindales at all in the firm since your man pulled out."

"Pity. He might have been about to wise us up. Something odd about this."

"I don't see anything odd about it. The woman you've seen can't be his wife!"

Hemingway was frowning. "It hasn't got that appearance," he said. "She isn't that type at all. It isn't that kind of household, either. Well, never mind! I've got another job I want done. Now, listen, Bob!"

He was still talking to Hinckley when Inspector Harbottle came into the office. The inspector wore his usual air of impenetrable gloom, a circumstance which prompted his superior to tell the superintendent that he must now ring off. "Because Dismal Desmond's just come in, and I can see he's suffered a bereavement. So long, Bob!"

"If that was the superintendent," said Harbottle, eyeing him severely, "has he had the report on any of the bullets yet, sir?"

"Only the first. Nothing like the one we're after. We shall be getting the rest tomorrow."

"It was not fired from Plennmiller's rifle?" said Harbottle.

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a strong inflexion of disappointment in his voice. "Well, I'm surprised!"

"I'm not," replied Hemingway. "I fancy I see that bird leaving the rifle in the case for me to pick up, if he'd shot Warrenby with it!"

"Well," said Harbottle, dissatisfied, "of all the people I've seen down here, I'd say he was the likeliest. I don't mind telling you, chief, I took a dislike to him the instant I laid eyes on him."

"I know you did, and I'll do my best to bring it home to him," said Hemingway, who was jotting down various items in his notebook.

"It's no laughing matter," said the inspector austere. "A wicked tongue shows a wicked nature! When he told you he had murdered his brother I was never more shocked in my life. What's more, whatever I may have believed at the time, I believe him now!"

"You can believe what you like, but I'm not here to investigate the other Plennmiller's death. Carsethorne tells me there was no doubt he committed suicide, anyway."

"Oh, he did that all right!" said Harbottle. "But, if you were to ask me, I should say this man was morally his murderer."

"Well, he said he drove him to it, didn't he? What have you found to put you into this taking?"

"It hasn't, strictly speaking, anything to do with this case," said Harbottle, "but I brought it along with those papers you see there, thinking you might like to read it. You'll recall that I told you Warrenby was

the coroner; well, I came upon the letter that unfortunate man wrote when he killed himself. Here it is! Now, you listen to this, sir. It's dated May 25 of last year—that was the night he locked himself into his bedroom and gassed himself."

Lifting the paper, he read aloud:

"Dear Gavin,

"This is the last letter you'll receive from me, and I don't propose ever to set eyes on you again. You only want to come here for what you can get out of me, and to goad me into losing my temper with your infernal tongue, and to be madened by you on top of all I have to suffer is too much."

"I've reached the end of my tether. The place will be yours sooner than you think, and when you step into my shoes you can congratulate yourself on having done your bit towards finishing me off. You will, if I know. Yours, Walter."

Harbottle laid the sheet of paper down. "And he was right, poor gentleman! He does congratulate himself!"

Hemingway picked up the letter and glanced at it. "Yes, well, I don't like Plennmiller any more than you do, but I call it a mean thing to do, gas yourself and leave a letter like this behind you! Nice for his brother to have to listen to it being read out in court."

"You'd have thought he'd have left the district," said Harbottle.

"I wouldn't, because, for one thing, he'd find it hard to get a price for his property here, and for another, although he may be a cold-blooded devil, he's got plenty of nerve."

"Nerve enough to have shot Warrenby is what I think!"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Hemingway. "Nerve enough to shoot half the village, if it suited his book to do it! But if you're trying to make me believe he shot Warrenby just because he didn't happen to like him, you're wasting your time, Horace! I've been telling the Chief Constable that I don't know what constitutes a motive for murder, or what doesn't, but that was putting it a bit too high. I do know that no one, barring a lunatic, kills a chap because he thinks he's a pushing bouncer!"

He added, "I dare say that's what his highness would like me to think, so as he can sit back and watch me making a fool of myself, but if he wants me to treat him as a hot suspect he'll have to give me a sniff of a real motive—and stop being the life and soul of the party! Did you find anything else at Warrenby's office?"

Harbottle glanced disparagingly at the papers on the desk.

"I brought that lot along for you to look at, but I wouldn't say they were likely to lead you anywhere. There's some correspondence with one of the town councillors, which looks as if they'd had a row; and there's a whole lot of stuff about a trust for sale, which I can't say I quite get the hang of. Seems Mr. Drybeck was the principal trustee, and had the handling of it. Warrenby was acting for someone he calls by a fancy name I never heard before."

Harbottle picked up one of the clips of documents and searched through them. "Here you are, sir! A *cestui que trust*," he said, laying the letter before his chief and pointing to the words.

"Lawyers!" ejaculated Hemingway disgustedly. "Go and see if there's a dictionary on the premises."

The inspector went away, returning a few minutes later

with a well-thumbed volume in his hand. "It's a person entitled to the benefit of a trust," he announced.

"Good!" said Hemingway, who was running through the letters. "That's about what it looks like from all this. This client wants his share of the trust; that's clear enough; and apparently it's all in order to sell the thing, only for some reason or other Drybeck's being coy about doing it."

"Yes, but only because it's a bad time to sell," Harbottle pointed out. "He says so in one of the letters, and it sounds reasonable enough. You'll see that Warrenby doesn't quarrel with that at all. Writes perfectly civilly, and says he appreciates the situation, but his client is anxious to receive his share of the sale without loss of time. I don't see what bearing any of it could have upon the murder, sir. In fact, I was in two minds about bringing it to you. The thing that made me wonder was that Mr. Drybeck came to the office this afternoon—noising round, I thought, but he said he'd come to find out if there was anything he could do to help Coupland."

"He tried to get me to tell him if I'd discovered anything—at least, that's what it seemed to me, but I wouldn't be prepared to swear it wasn't just inquisitiveness. I got rid of him, of course, and it did enter my mind that perhaps he was worried about this correspondence with Warrenby. I found nothing else that was any concern of his."

"Well, that's interesting," said Hemingway. "There's no doubt that this client of Warrenby's was determined to have his share of the trust, and there's no doubt that Drybeck's stalling. Of course, it may be that he's just trying to do his best for the beneficiaries—pity we don't know what the others felt about an immediate sale!—and on the other hand it may be that he's got reasons of his own for not wanting to sell the trust."

"Good gracious, Chief, do you mean you think he's been embezzling the funds?" exclaimed Harbottle.

"No, not embezzling them, but it wouldn't surprise me if he's made a mess of the thing through being fat-headed, or half asleep. And if that's so, then I'd bet my last farthing Warrenby had got wind of it. It'll bear looking into, anyway. Is there anything in this?" He picked up an address book as he spoke, and opened it at random.

"I haven't studied it, sir. I thought I'd better do so, though."

Hemingway nodded, turning over the thin leaves in a cursory survey. "Yes, quite right. You never know what—" He broke off suddenly. "Well!"

"What have you found, sir?" demanded the inspector bending over him to see what was written on the page.

"Something I wasn't expecting and didn't more than half believe in. Horace, let it be a lesson to you! Always pay attention to what people say to you, no matter how silly you may think it sounds!"

"You do," said Harbottle.

"I didn't this time. I had a suspicion that your friend Plennmiller was trying to see whether he could get me to follow a red herring. He told me to look for someone called Nenthall—and here he is, my lad! Francis Aloysius Nenthall, Red Lodge, Bradhurst, Surrey. Bother it! I wish I'd looked at this book before I rang the superintendent up! I'll have to get on to him again first thing tomorrow. This may be our most promising lead so far."

To be continued



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not very convincingly: "I can only suggest that we go and look at a fashionable few. If I take you round, something might strike you."

She visibly brightened. Then her eyes clouded again. She really had the most transparent face.

"It is exceedingly kind of you," she said formally. "But I mustn't trouble you, Mr.—"

"Miles Langley. And, if you'll permit, I should very much enjoy church hunting with you, Miss—"

"Wyatt," she told him, "but I'm always Susan," and promptly, with patent delight, added, "I'll put on my hat."

The way she said this told Miles that it was an important hat and should be noticed, so, on her return, he said kindly:

"That's a very nice hat."

"Isn't it?" she agreed eagerly.

Actually, Miles thought it was. Like all nice, ignorant men, he liked a big hat, a big white hat, particularly, and this was a white crinoline with blue ribbons around the brim. That it looked like the top of a mushroom, perched on her five-foot-one, did not occur to him.

"I never have the chance to wear it more than about once a year," she confided happily, and added, "I've imagined walking down Bond Street in this hat."

So, of course, they walked down Bond Street.

The shops were shut, but London can be at her most enchanting on a spring evening. Susan gazed into most of the windows of Mayfair that displayed frocks, jewels, and flowers. And such churches as were handy Miles showed her, too, but none of them meant anything to her.

Then Miles said firmly, "At this time in the evening I require to be fed," and took Susan into one of those intimate

Continuing . . . The Bridesmaid Who Forgot

from page 27

restaurants with pink lights and flowers, a very thick carpet, and no band, where, in a little while, she became confiding.

It began by her putting down her soup spoon and smiling up at him under the hat.

"You don't know how lovely it is to have dinner chosen for you," she said. "I do it all at home. And not very well. No one would think I'd had years of practice."

"Years?" teased Miles gently. "You must have begun very young!"

"Well, I did rather." She hesitated, glanced at him, then the story came out, with a little prompting.

Her mother, it seemed, had been an invalid for most of Susan's life and, in her later years, had been nursed by her daughter, who had gradually taken the housekeeping on her youthful shoulders, too.

Their rambling home in the north was an old house, hard to run and too remote to be favored by much domestic help. More and more had devolved upon Susan.

Susan herself took this for granted, it was clear, but Miles grew silently more indignant with Fate on her behalf. He began to stop thinking of her as a dear little soul who was, at the same time, rather a good joke.

There must be considerable strength of character behind that small, naive face, for she seemed to have missed most of the pleasures girls expect to come their way, and was not complaining.

In answer to questions, she confessed she had scarcely left her North-country home from one summer to the next.

"Jean did invite me to Germany, last year," she said. "But my father didn't like it."

Her father, it transpired, never went away himself and could not see that his daughter need do so.

"I was all ready to go," she said with rueful amusement. "I'd got my passport weeks ahead. Then, at the very last minute, my father said no. And he was so upset about it that I had to stay at home."

"But why?" Miles demanded. "I think since we lost my mother three years ago, he can't bear me to go away in case I'd want to do it again, perhaps for always," she said gently. After a brief pause,

"That's really why he wouldn't hear of my being bridesmaid to Jean."

She turned her attention to her dinner at this point, leaving Miles to speculate on her revelations.

That she had, at last, revolted was plain; the temptation to be a bridesmaid proving too much for her, no doubt. Miles watched her compassionately until she glanced up and confessed:

"I didn't mean to tell my father till I had to. He might have agreed, then changed his mind. Jean's mother was giving me the bridesmaid's dress."

Her eyes began to shine at the thought of the dress. "I only had to send my measurements, then it was posted to me so that our local woman could alter it if it didn't quite fit. It was a good thing it did, for I wouldn't have let her touch it."

Miles said sympathetically, "It's a nice dress?"

"Apricot tulle. Heavenly. But my father had noticed the parcel, and it all had to come out, and I'd meant to break it to him so carefully. As it was,

I explained that I'd only be away two nights and that Jean said how delighted they'd be if he'd come too." She sighed. "I think the mistake was mentioning Aunt Bunny."

Miles thought this over while the waiter changed the plates, then he hazarded:

"Your father doesn't approve of Aunt Bunny?"

"He used to know her before he met my mother, when they were quite young. He said she was what, in his day, they called fast and a flirt."

With a fleeting smile, "I've a notion she refused him once. Of course, that wasn't the reason he gave for saying no. He said I was too inexperienced to come to London alone for, even if I stayed at Craig's, I might talk to some strange man." She broke off and gazed in astonishment at Miles. "That's just what I am doing!"

"I'm not a strange man," Miles told her firmly. "Gibbs presented me and he knew our grandfathers! Go on. Tell me what happened then."

"There's not much to tell. I put away the dress, and tore up Jean's letters, and cried a bit. Then I sat down and wrote to her in Germany that I couldn't come. But, before I'd posted the letter, I took the dress out again and tried it on, and after that I just had to come."

"But you didn't tell your father so?" Miles prompted.

"I couldn't!" The grey eyes begged Miles to understand. "He'd have made me feel a worm. I couldn't face it, for I had to come. So I just made my plans and slipped away this morning, early."

"Leaving a note pinned to your pillow?" said Miles with a grin.

"No," she said simply. "I felt dreadful, you know, so I

just came. I was in the train before I began to think of details like the church. I've been thinking about it ever since."

"What sort of dog is Laurie?" Miles asked.

Surprised by the sudden question, Susan blinked: "A black retriever—why?" she said.

"Drink up your coffee! I'll show you."

And when they came to St. George's, Hanover Square, where two graceful, bronze retrievers sit ever on guard, Susan gazed at them in incredulous delight and cried:

"Oh, how beautiful! Who put them there?"

"I believe they were saved from a bombed shop nearby." Miles was absurdly pleased with the success of his surprise.

"They're just like Laurie!" She turned to him, her face alight. "How clever of you to guess! Of course, Jean wrote St. George's, Hanover Square! How could I have forgotten?"

After all, when Miles took Susan back to the hotel, there was a telephone message for her. She turned quite pink with apprehension, lest her father had rung through, but it was the bride, giving a telephone number and an address.

So Miles left Susan to it, after extracting a firm promise that he should see her again before she went back to her prison-house, as he now privately called her home in the north.

He would have to be at a conference in the city early the next day, but told himself that, if this finished in time, he would also be at St. George's to see the bridesmaids come out; and it would not be his fault if that conference dragged on; he felt proprietorial about one of the bridesmaids.

Next morning, though he came down early to breakfast, there was one guest already there, sitting, very erect, at a table by a window, his beaky profile outlined against the light.

Miles found himself subjected to a hard grey stare as he unfolded his morning paper. He also caught a waiter's remark that suggested the stiff-backed gentleman had travelled all night. Which made Miles thoughtful.

There was something familiar in the shape of those appraising grey eyes. Was Susan to be hauled back to the north like a delinquent child, without having even been a bridesmaid?

The notion ruined Miles' breakfast, but as there was nothing he could do, he went off to his conference in a highly aggressive mood, behaved there with an unwonted truculence that got him his own way and released him in time to return to St. George's.

Actually, he was in Hanover Square far too soon, but joined the little crowd with a certain self-consciousness—a crowd excited by the rumor that the bridegroom wore the kilt. At last the muffled organ notes swelled to a crescendo through the open doors and somebody in front squeaked:

"Here they come!"

And Miles saw, not Jean in her parchment satin, not the gallant Ian in his kilt, but only—and with enormous relief—the smallest bridesmaid.

Someone had taken her in hand and done her hair and put the lightest touch of make-up on that smiling mouth; someone, too, had fixed the bridegroom's gift of a jewelled clip in just the right place on the apricot tulle.

Not that Miles was aware of any of this. He only looked, and swallowed an unmanly

To page 47



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FLESH COLOURED AND WATER PROOF PLAIN AND ELASTIC

Continuing

The Bridesmaid Who Forgot

from page 46

lump in his throat, and vowed to keep this shining happiness in the bridesmaid's face, in spite of her father.

It was just possible that the stiff-backed gentleman at breakfast had nothing to do with the affair. But Miles could not think so, and he wondered who had stood between her father and Susan today to prevent his spoiling it for her. Whoever it was, Miles was grateful but knew now that in future this must be his concern.

There was no knowing when Susan would come back to the hotel. She would probably dine and go to the theatre in a party. Nevertheless, after lunch, Miles settled himself in a chair from which he could watch the revolving doors, and, with his notes of the morning's conference to occupy his time, was prepared to wait for Susan till morning.

As it happened, it was almost dinner time when he saw her, still in her apricot tulle. A very smart, plump little dark woman came first through the doors. They crossed the floor together.

Miles stood up, and a happy smile broke over Susan's face, so revealing in its delight at seeing him again that his heart turned over.

"This is Miles Langley, whom I was telling you about!" she cried impulsively. "Miss Scott, Miles," and, as he bowed, "you know, Aunt Bunny!"

He had to endure the frank appraisal of bright, inquisitive brown eyes, then a warm contralto voice chuckled:

"I've seen you before!" "I'm dreadfully sorry," Miles apologised, "but I don't remember where."

"Oh you didn't see me. Dear me, no! It was outside St. George's. You were watching the bridesmaids being packed into their car." Her eyes twinkled. "You have a most speaking countenance, Mr. Langley!" "Miles, you were there?" exclaimed Susan.

"I happened to be passing," he said lamely, embarrassingly conscious of those robin-bright eyes. "So I had to wait and see the wonderful frock."

Susan looked a little disappointed, but said generously: "Wasn't Jean lovely?"

"Jean was the bride," Miss Scott told him blandly. "I don't think you noticed her. She came out first."

Miles looked squarely into those bright, brown eyes. "You are very observant, Miss Scott," he agreed. Here, he had suddenly sensed, was an ally.

"Miles was very kind," Susan was saying. "He gave me dinner last night, and found the church, you know."

"You hear that, Roderick?" Miss Scott had spoken over her plump shoulder, and Miles saw, without much surprise, that the man he had marked as Susan's father had now come up, having delayed to pay off the taxi, one supposed.

"This is the Samaritan who looked after Susan for you," continued Aunt Bunny firmly. "I am in your debt," he said in a formal, melancholy voice.

"Oh, no, sir," said Miles warmly. "The debt is all mine."

"Nevertheless," with a faint smile, "I hope you will join us."

So Miles found himself dining at a table for four, between Aunt Bunny in a remarkable feathered hat, and a radiant Susan. He had managed to ask how her father had reacted to her flight and Susan had whispered:

"Dreadfully, at first. But Aunt Bunny stopped him. I don't know how; she has a way with him."

"Isn't it nice to be dining out," said that lady now. "My flat is a shambles now that all my guests have gone."

"You've been an angel," said Susan.

Aunt Bunny smiled at her. "Susan must come to me for a long visit, Roderick. Susan, what do you say?"

"You really mean it?" Susan gasped, but her father sighed.

"It's kind of you, but Susan's not used to the gay life. We're country mice now, Cynthia, the pair of us. She thanks you most sincerely, don't you, my dear, but—"

"And you, Susan?" said Aunt Bunny.

Miles had watched the light fade out of Susan's expressive face. He could almost see her remembering that house in the north.

"It's difficult to spare me," she agreed quietly. "I'd have loved to come. It was lovely of you to ask me."

Said Aunt Bunny roundly: "No one's indispensable, Roderick; certainly not this child."

"You cannot understand, Cynthia," he began with a wistful smile.

"And why Cynthia?" she interrupted. "Why not Bunny, like everyone else?"

"I have never called you Bunny," he returned vigorously. "I will not begin!"

The smile she gave him was affectionately indulgent. "You're thinking me selfish?" he challenged. "I am a lonely man."

"Lonely?" she took him up. "Well, so am I. And, if the truth were known, I expect we've ourselves to thank."

They seemed to have forgotten Miles and Susan; so Miles said to Susan, at random, "Tell me about today."

And, since this was said simply to make her talk so that he could watch her changing face, it served admirably; she had had a wonderful day, her only regret being that she had not seen him outside the church.

The subject lasted them until dinner ended, when the party broke up, Miss Scott affirming that weddings were delightful but exhausting.

Susan's father was to escort her home, so Miles was left alone with Susan in a deserted lounge upstairs, where she went straight to one of the window-seats, crushing the apricot tulle as she knelt to gaze out at the lights of London.

"I've got to remember it all," she said, without turning round.

"When do you leave?" "Tomorrow morning." After a short silence, she added quaintly, "I've had my fling."

Miles looked at the back of her sleekly dressed head (Aunt Bunny's work, he supposed mechanically) and wondered what would happen if he spoke out now. Duty would call, he decided bitterly. Since she had had her little "fling," she would not desert her melancholy father.

"Miles, what do you think?" she said in an odd little voice. "When I went with Aunt Bunny to fetch her coat just now, she asked me the most surprising thing."

Miles thought that nothing that lady might say would surprise him very much.

"She asked me what I would think about having a step-mother," Susan continued with a quick glance at him. "She said he hadn't asked her yet, but he should ask her tonight, if I thought it a good thing."

"And you said?" Miles held his breath.

"She knew what I'd say," said Susan wisely. "That I'd think it wonderful, if it were her!"

His delight rocketed. He was beside her demanding. "And when it comes off, what will you do?"

She looked up at him, then said frankly, "It depends."

"On what? On me, for instance?"

She nodded, and though her cheeks were faintly pink, there was no more shyness. Susan was beautifully certain of herself with him.

"Bless you, my darling!" He pulled her up to him. "Will you forget the church at your own wedding?"

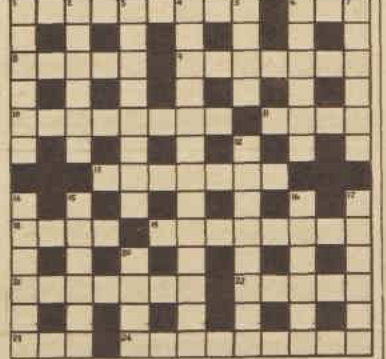
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Northerly Russian port (9).
 - No hurry; you can pay for this when it arrives (3).
 - Twang with holy spirit (5).
 - Make nervous flutter (7).
 - Building before a mixed tonic (8).
 - On the leg or on the sap (4).
 - May have any religion except Jewish (7).
 - The tulce of this plant is bitter (4).
 - These half-suppressed laughs are secret (8).
 - Upstart who swallowed a well-chewed raven (7).
 - Quest of Greek mythology (5).
 - This is not, there is one more across (3).
 - Abode the side of which is inside (9).



Solution to last week's crossword.



- DOWN**
- If you solved this clue, you have it (6).
 - Monopellie, possibly the beginning of it (6).
 - Accepted as true or just permitted to enter (4).
 - It's a talent of speech, but not necessarily that of the gab (4, 2, 7).
 - Noisy, but applied to a speaker it's not always a person (4).
 - This fruit is not sweet (6).
 - Make obscure though the end is full of knowledge (4).
 - Discounted a not heavy Edward (8).
 - Only a specimen, but there is plenty in it (6).
 - He was born a Korzenkowski (6).
 - Such fare is without meat (6).
 - Time allowed for certain payments, started by Uncle Sam (4).
 - A beam which speculates for fall (4).

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2. It's quite exciting—I put a teaspoonful in a glass of cold water and stir it. Hundreds of tiny bubbles come sparkling to the top!

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(REGD.)

GREER GARSON

★ *Hollywood's erstwhile first lady, Greer Garson, makes few movies nowadays, but it doesn't mean that she has relinquished her film career.*

WHEN a film role that she likes turns up, Greer accepts it. For the rest of the time she is to be found 1000 miles away from Hollywood, enjoying ranch life in New Mexico.

"Her Twelve Men" is the title of her latest film. She has 14 leading men in this modern comedy, which was made late in 1953. Twelve of them are very young men in a Mid-West boys' boarding-school, and they involve her in a lot of mischief.

Robert Ryan and Barry Sullivan are the two big boys of the story.

Discussing her current philosophy, Garson says: "I'm just more relaxed about movie-making than I've ever been before."

Nobody in the film colony was surprised when the Irish-born actress turned to country living after her marriage to Texas oil tycoon Eli (Buddy) Fogelson in 1949.

Her love of the country is as well known as her lack of interest in the Hollywood social round.

Ranch life suits her admirably. According to close friends, Greer, now 46 years old, has never looked more vital or enjoyed life so enthusiastically.

As an exhibitor of fine cattle and ranch produce her face is as familiar around agricultural fairs of New Mexico, Mexico, and Texas as it is on the screen.

Titan-haired Greer Garson arrived on the Hollywood scene in 1937 under the name of Eileen Evelyn Greer Snelson. A budding film star, she expected to be put to work within a reasonable time.

However, M.G.M. kept her "on ice" for almost a year; the delay was almost fatal because Greer began planning to return to England.

One week before her year's contract ended she was allotted a feature in "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," and her career got off to an auspicious start.

It was assured when Greer turned in an outstanding performance in 1940 in "Pride and Prejudice" with young Laurence Olivier.

"Blossoms in the Dust" and "When Ladies Meet" led up to Greer's Oscar year at Metro.

It was in 1942 that the redhead from County Down won her Academy Award for outstanding acting in "Mrs. Miniver," that touching story of World War II.

On the strength of a string of prestige films made between 1942 and 1944, Greer Garson was named the most popular performer (male or female) in American and British films.

The dramatic "Random Harvest" and "Madame Curie," a biography of the noted French woman scientist who helped discover radium, were among these film hits. So was "Mrs. Parkington."

Her career prospered until 1946, but after "Valley of Decision," made at the end of World War II, the downhill trend began with two flops—"Adventure" and "Desire Me."

Greer Garson avoided film roles for two years after these two last, but she picked up a good part in the title role of "That Forsyte Woman" in 1949. Next came the "Miniver" sequel in 1950. It was titled "The Miniver Story."

A comedy, "The Law and the Lady," and "Scandal at Seaside" accounted for 1951-1952.

In keeping with her new plan, Greer asked for, and was given, the role of Caesar's wife in Hollywood's production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

It was a comparatively small role, but Greer and Hollywood both liked it. So did lots of filmgoers.

Greer Garson has been married three times. First in 1933 to British civil servant Edward Alex Snelson. She divorced him in Hollywood, and in 1943 married actor Richard Ney. They divorced in 1947.

The Fogelson marriage seems to be happy. There is an adopted son.

Wealthy Mrs. Fogelson maintains a mansion in the Hollywood suburb of Bel Air and an apartment in Dallas, Texas, in addition to the comfortable, ranch-style house which she calls home.



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OLD DUTCH Does the Whole Job in Half the Time

News from the studios

From BILL STRUTTON in London

ALL is not well on the set of "Lifeline," the screen romance which Ginger Rogers is making in Britain with her French husband, Jacques Bergerac. Leading actor Walter Rilla quit the cast after ten days before the cameras. Rilla, distinguished Continental star, and Ginger have been feuding.

Said Rilla, "According to the script I—a man of 52—am supposed to have an affair with a girl of 24, who is Miss Rogers. Which is somewhat ridiculous. She may feel 24, but really..." The studio grapevine is buzzing with reports of Ginger's temperament and of Rilla's dissatisfaction at finding the lion's share of the film on the male side allotted to the handsome but untried Bergerac. He stalked out, to be replaced by the new British male "heavy," Stanley Baker, aged 26.

FLAMBOYANT Italian director Renato Castellani, whom Rank hired to film "Romeo and Juliet," is back

in England with a quarter of a million feet of color—longer than the total footage shot on the epic "Gone With the Wind." Now Castellani is slashing and shaping it ruthlessly in the cutting-room to one-twentieth of its length. Of Susan Shentall, the girl picked out in a London restaurant to play Juliet, Castellani taps his heart and says, "She has great power here."

MARTA TOREN, with her husband and baby in tow, arrived in Rome after spending an extended holiday at home in Sweden. Marta expects to make a film or two in Europe and possibly return to Hollywood later on.

Talking of Films

★ **She's Back on Broadway** PLENTY of colorful song - and - dance routines keep the slim thread of story from falling quite flat in Warners' color musical "She's Back on Broadway."

In a pleasant change from his usual villainous roles, Steve Cochran plays a stage director who suspects the motives of lovely film star Virginia Mayo when she returns to Broadway to do a stage show for him.

Repeated misunderstandings between Miss M. and Mr. C. permit them both to over-indulge in some misplaced dramatics. The root of the trouble

is, of course, that the two are in love.

The show nearly flops when its star threatens to walk out, but a last-minute reconciliation saves the show and unites Cochran and Mayo.

There are a few realistic and interesting glimpses of the hard work that goes on backstage before a stage show is launched.

Song and dance fans will be delighted with Gene Nelson's smooth routines. Lovely Patrice Wymore also does well in her featured dance number.

The film manages some pleasant entertainment, but rarely scores above the average.—J.B.

In Sydney—Park.



SINGER ROSEMARY CLOONEY (left) in close harmony with her sister Betty on a Hollywood set. The two girls sang together before Rosemary skyrocketed to fame with the song "Come On-A My House."



JEFFREY HUNTER "shoots" co-star Mitzi Gaynor in a new Western fashion during the filming of "Three Young Texans," a rip-roaring action piece in which Mitzi totes a six-shooter. Keefe Braselle completes the threesome.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Malta Story," war drama, starring Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel, Muriel Pavlow. Plus ★★ "Royal Symphony," full-length documentary in technicolor.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, David Niven, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Conquest of Everest," full-length technicolor documentary. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Appointment in London," war drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Dinah Sheridan. Plus ★ "It's Folly to Be Wise," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Elizabeth Allen.

LYRIC.—★★ "Road to Bali," technicolor comedy, starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. Plus ★★ "The Glass Key," thriller, starring Alan Ladd. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Jazz Singer," technicolor musical, starring Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★ "She's Back on Broadway," Warnercolor musical, starring Virginia Mayo, Steve Cochran, Patrice Wymore, Gene Nelson. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Waggons Roll at Night," circus drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Sydney. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★★ "How to Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, David Wayne, Cameron Mitchell, William Powell. Plus "Coronation Parade," technicolor CinemaScope feature.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Forever Female," comedy, starring Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas, William Holden, Pat Crowley. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Ukrainian Concert Hall," color music feature.

STATE.—★★★ "The Cruel Sea," British wartime drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Denholm Elliott. Plus "South Pacific Playground," color feature.

VARIETY.—★★ "Four in a Jeep," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker, Yoseph Yadin. Plus "The Link," feature.

Films not yet reviewed

LIBERTY and ST. JAMES.—February 22-26, Festival Week. "All the Brothers Were Valiant," starring Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger. "Easy to Love," starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson. "Rhapsody," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman. "Escape from Fort Bravo," starring William Holden, Eleanor Parker. "Executive Suite," all-star cast including William Holden, Paul Douglas, June Allyson.

PALACE.—"South Sea Woman," adventure drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Trail Guide," a Tim Holt Western.

VICTORY.—"Thunder in the East," action drama, starring Alan Ladd, Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer. Plus "Hurricane Smith," adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, John Ireland, Richard Arlen.



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MORTEIN MILL SPRAY . . . used in mills, granaries, warehouses and food factories to control insect pests that destroy food. Like all other Mortein products, Mortein Mill Spray is harmless to humans though deadly to insects.

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MORTEIN DAIRY SPRAY . . . at small cost Mortein Dairy Spray protects cows from biting flies and other blood-sucking insects. Cows sprayed with Mortein Dairy Spray give up to 20% greater yield. Mortein Dairy Spray also protects milk from insect contamination.



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MORTEIN INSECT POWDER . . . rids dogs of fleas, but is not harsh or irritating. It will not cause your dog any skin discomfort. Mortein Powder also eliminates ants, cockroaches and silverfish when sprinkled in their haunts and breeding places.



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Feel it cleanse and invigorate as no plain water can do. Smell its refreshing fragrance. Always keep a bottle handy—doctors and hospitals throughout Australia have proved that there's much more safety in Solyptol.



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Feel its rich emollient oils and mild antiseptic deep-cleanse your skin gently—but, oh, so thoroughly. Solyptol Soap goes further than ordinary soap in your bath or shower.

And as a shampoo, Solyptol Soap keeps your skin (and scalp) healthy... and beautiful.



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Its faint delicate fragrance will blend with your favourite perfume. Solyptol Baby Powder is the perfect finishing touch to your daily bath or shower.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

"If it's FAULDING'S—it's Pure!"



1. LEFT. PRISONER Simon (Dirk Bogarde) discovers fiancée Anna (Mai Zetterling) is alive. He tells her he is innocent of murder charge.

2. ABOVE. ESCAPING from prison, Simon attempts to find two witnesses to prove his innocence. He finds that real culprit is blackmarketeer.

Action thriller



3. HIDING with Anna, Simon learns that one of the two witnesses has been murdered; and the other refuses to help clear him.

★ A thrilling hunt for an escaped prisoner of war through post-war Germany sets the scene for J. A. Rank's "Desperate Moment."

As the hunted convict, Dirk Bogarde has to elude the police and at the same time find the man who tricked him into confessing to a murder he did not commit.

Swedish actress Mai Zetterling is his co-star. Berlin and Hamburg provide the authentic backgrounds to the thriller.

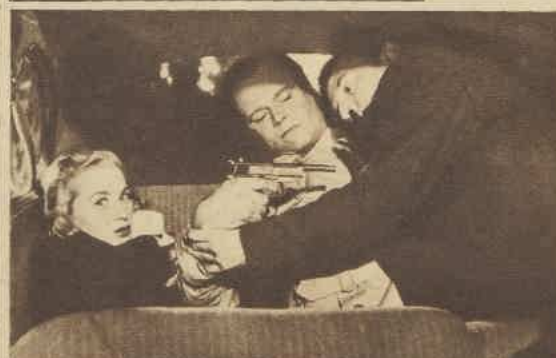


4. MEETING the disguised killer, Paul (Albert Lieven), Anna tells him the whole story, underlining the stand of Anton, the other witness, Paul agrees to help Simon on condition she brings him to a meeting place. Simon goes along.



5. LEFT. TRAPPED in Paul's home, Simon recognises him as the killer. He attacks Paul and escapes through a window, but Anna is left behind.

6. ABOVE. SURRENDERING to secret investigator Robert Sawyer (Philip Friend, left), who also loves Anna, Simon sends police to rescue her.



7. ABOVE. HELD HOSTAGE as Paul tries to escape to the Russian zone. Anna escapes from the speeding car with the help of the now repentant Anton.

8. RIGHT. CAPTURE of Paul and the evidence before witnesses of the dying Anton clear Simon of murder and he is free to marry Anna.



her whole life, the only outlet by which she could see the world.

That was the heroine of the book, a remarkable heroine to fiction, inasmuch as she was moody, jealous, spiteful, and frustrated.

But she lived—on every page—the power of the girl was like a magnet, drawing the reader on and on to the close of the book. She had spirit and fire and lust and she destroyed every living thing she touched. So Ella Berman portrayed her.

Parts of the story seemed to have been written in a frenzy. Why, Hargraves had demanded. Why is the mood so savage and unrestrained? And why couldn't Gordon of the "Star" worm an interview out of this fascinating author?

I remained on the verandah for an hour and then I went back inside and lay down on the thin, squeaking mattress that swung like a hammock each time I moved. And I moved a lot, thinking. Trying to make 4 of 2 and 2, and getting 5 instead for an answer.

Why, I thought! Why is such a young, attractive author in retirement. And why should she deliberately set out to antagonise the township, to leave herself open to libel actions, to besmirch the memory of her dead sister.

Then morning opened my eyes and the riddle was still a riddle. My back ached from the inferior mattress and the bare walls were as depressing as a prison cell.

Someone in the depths of the building rang a bell—breakfast—and I managed to stir myself.

If Hargraves could see me now I missed, as I rubbed my lead, unshaven face, and made a bet with myself that I'd have to shave in cold water.

My face was still sore when, having eaten the unappetising mush of scrambled eggs, I left the dining-room to find a boy with the Sunday papers.

It was too early yet, an old man told me, in front of the newspaper's. The paper train did not come in until ten or later. And what might I be doing in Hanson Creek, though it was none of his business, really.

Continuing . . . The Woman at the Window

from page 33

Well, it was none of his business really, but I told him. I said my name was Tim Randall and that I represented the "Weekend" Magazine.

"You don't say," the old man said. "Never read it myself."

"Neither do I," I said, "but thousands do. It's definitely high-class and very cultural."

"There ain't no culture in this town," the old man gave a raspy laugh.

"There's Ella Berman," I said casually, hoping he'd take the bait.

He nodded, and sucked on his pipe for a while. He was a strange old man, as thin as a reed, with a wrinkled skin and youthful eyes.

The brief, shrewd glance he gave me stripped away any pretence I might have made and laid bare the discontent I had been experiencing for quite some time—that "Weekend" and Hargraves were not exactly my idea of heaven.

"Ella Berman," he repeated, leaning against the plate-glass window and closing his eyes against the warm gold of the morning sun. "There's a girl for you now. As sweet as they come."

"As sweet as sour apples."

He grinned and cocked one eyebrow. "Maybe you think so. And maybe Ma Lewis does, too. I remember," he said, "when Ella was a slip of a thing running up and down this horse street, with her bright long hair blowing out like blackbird's wings."

"And I remember Dorcy, cute and quaint, screaming her head off becuz Ella was running too fast. Ella could beat her in everything—worthwhile. I saw them kids grow up, so there's nothin' no one can tell me about them."

I lit a cigarette and matched his nonchalance. "But you didn't know about the book."

"No," he agreed, "but that's not surprising. Those kids could do anything they had a mind to. And Dorcy would have shifted his here town if she'd wanted it some place else. I'm sure it's a mighty good book, but

"But you haven't read it."

I prompted. "Got more to do than read words," the old man grinned. "Not much time left for an old codger like me. Rather sit in the sun and think. Truth is, can't settle down to read, but I know all about the book."

Mrs. Lewis told it chapter by chapter, drawing beer in the bar, and Mrs. Pryne's at bad, and Miss Hope—she's given up hope 20 years ago—she's been into the solicitors to have a court case made up."

"Perhaps," I said, "she wrote the truth about Hanson Creek."

"Then it's a truth no one wants."

The old man sucked on his pipe and I waited, with a curious hunger, to hear more.

"No one likes to hear about themselves. Every one of us has something tucked away out of sight, that's best hidden and forgotten. You, me, this town. And when someone comes along and rips off the lid of your private affairs, then it's like someone coming along to dig up a corpse what ought to stay decent and buried. That's all, young fellows."

"That's enough," I said.

"Thanks for the information." "Glad to make you happy," answered the old man. "Nice out here in the sun."

"Oh, yes," I said. "Very nice."

Then I went back into the hotel and jotted down a few more notes that would eventually make up the complete assignment of Miss Ella Berman.

When I came downstairs, Mrs. Lewis tried to corner me in the foyer, but the sight of the big untidy woman was too much this early in the day.

Sunday is a dead day in the city and it was even worse at Hanson Creek.

I walked down Main Street looking in the windows, past the last dusty window and on down the winding road that curved over the white bridge.

There was a fence of willows along the creek itself, a pleasant place to relax and enjoy the fannies, about the

only thing humorous in this part of the world.

I settled myself on the grass and spread the papers I'd bought around me and tried to read, but all the time I kept thinking of the office and Hargraves, and the weighty book with the attractive dust jacket I'd left behind in my overnight bag.

I was there about an hour, bored stiff, when the girl came into view on the bridge. For a while she did not see me under the trees, so I was able to watch her. She looked smaller now, with a white face, white hands and ebony hair falling about her shoulders.

She was thin, too, and her shoulders were hunched like a battler from whom fight and tears had gone a long, long time ago. Lost and exhausted and burdened with—what?

Why should she be this way, with all the fame and wealth she had so recently acquired, with the promise of an outstanding career waiting on the doorstep. Waiting vainly for Ella Berman to open up and accept it.

She was staring down into the water, just standing and staring, as if she'd seen it so often before it ceased to mean anything.

"Hello," I called.

She straightened and glanced around until she saw me. Then I got up and scrambled under the drooping boughs until I was on the bridge beside her.

"My name's Tim Randall."

"I remember."

"Pleasant day."

"Yes."

"And a nice town."

"Is it?" she asked.

I grinned. "It's a rotten town," I said, "and once I leave the place I'll never come back. And if Hargraves thought differently, then I'd resign, quick smart."

"Why don't you resign, anyway, and take a cleaner job?"

"Cleaner! That rocked me."

"I'd get a rise," I countered, "if you'd give me an interview."

She turned and looked at me, reproachful, yet patient and understanding. Her eyes were huge brown eyes, her lips

so soft and pink I instinctively wanted to touch them with my own.

"Why can't you leave me alone," she said. "Why can't people forget the book was ever written?"

"It's not the kind of book one can forget," I said. "They'll make a film out of it, as sure as eggs, and then more people will read the book and then they'll adapt it for radio and on and on. Tell me," I asked frankly, "why did you write the book in the first place?"

"You wouldn't believe me," she said, and I knew, probably hard-bitten as I was, I wouldn't either.

"I didn't write the book," she said.

"No?"

"I tell you, I didn't. I said you wouldn't believe me. Nor does anyone else."

"Must have been the pixies, then."

She looked away and for a moment I felt terribly disconcerted.

"Either the book, or you, is out of character," I said. "It doesn't seem possible that anyone—like you—could have been responsible for such a novel."

"They say . . . still waters run deep, Mr. Randall."

"Not always."

She moved away from the rail and as I stepped briskly to walk level with her, I said, thinking there was nothing to lose, anyway. "It's my job, believe me, Miss Berman. You're a famous author, in spite of anything you might think to the contrary. And people are curious to learn more of the enviable famous."

"Enviably, Mr. Randall?"

She laughed bitterly. "If they only knew. Those people, in their warm, snuggly houses reaching for the book, discussing it, waiting anxiously for the spice . . . Oh, yes, it's all there. Nothing was left out."

"The more spice the better, the more complications, the more usefulness and human corruption. They lap it up, Mr. Randall. That's what people prefer these days. They'd be disappointed if they didn't see reflections of themselves in harsh, cold print."

New costume jewellery

MRS. DIANA BOWDEN, of Port Douglas, Cairns, Queensland, has gone into business making a new form of jewellery.

She and her husband, Max, evolved a method of giving ordinary sea-shells a pearly finish and of making necklets and other pieces from them.

One of their first customers was Lady Blamey, who bought a few sets to take back to Melbourne. There the jewellery was so admired that today the Bowdens employ a staff of 10.

How they make the shell jewellery and what it looks like are told—in color pictures and story—in A.M. for February 23.

"Mrs. Lewis saw herself," I said, "and Miss Hope, whoever she is, and a nice old man I met this morning outside the newspaper's. They recognised themselves."

"I'm there, too, Mr. Randall."

"You?"

"I'm Doreen. Or perhaps you hadn't reasoned that out—yet. The sickly-sweet affected cousin of the heroine, with halo in one hand and a dagger in the other. The perpetual thorn in the side of the woman at the window."

"That window," she said dully. "I'd like it boarded up. That horrible window. It was—a glass wall in the house, a hidden microphone. Everything she ever thought or said or heard came via that window. I'm not sure—how I've stuck it out so long. I should have left Hanson Creek a year ago. I should have."

She was trembling. Gently I took her hand and pressed it. The hand was like ice, bloodless.

"Then why don't you leave? Lose your identity in the city."

To page 54

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it will make you lovelier"

says **GENE TIERNEY** exotic 20th Century Fox Star

"It's wonderful the way Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin so much softer, smoother—just one cake of this fragrant beauty soap will make you lovelier!" adds Gene, whose complexion stays enchantingly fresh even after hours at the studio. Gene like most other film stars relies on this purest of toilet soaps to safeguard her lovely skin.

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You see the absolute purity in Lux Toilet Soap when you see how white it is—white because it is so pure. Gentle enough for the most delicate skin—even baby's. It's Australia's only pure white toilet soap. Use it just once and you'll find your skin feels as satiny smooth as the lather itself.

9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Continuing . . . The Woman at the Window

from page 53

or some place where people wouldn't know who you were. You have money now . . ."

She snatched her hand away and walked faster, nervously.

"Not my money, I tell you, it's not my money to spend. I can't leave. I just—can't. But if I could, do you think I would be living here now? Do you think for one moment I'd tolerate this cheap, untidy town? It's not the townspeople so much—I've known them all my life. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Pryme, Mr. Dingle—it's what they think I've done to them and their private lives. Talkins can't change that. Denials would be worse."

"It's her memory, everything I touch and see and hear is part of her. That's why I hate it. That's why I'm chained to Hanson Creek, shut in my own house and shut away from every other house. That's what the book has done to me, and why I hate it. Now go away and write that up for your curious readers," she flared, "and leave me in peace."

I left her alone. I stood and watched her running down the dusty road, her dark hair riotous about her head, her young slim body straining forward as she ran.

Her words carbon-copied themselves over and over in my sick, magazine head. And then, for the first time, I knew that something was seriously wrong, that I was involved in far more than a life-story and the chatty conversation piece of a star-shining author.

I was caught in a web of intrigue and mystery, and I didn't like it. I didn't like it because I was slowly and unwillingly falling in love. A one-sided futile love that could do neither of us any good and probably both of us a lot of harm.

A telegram arrived from Hargraves the following morning. It was cryptic.

"Wake up and start things moving."

I was awake, and I had started things moving, but I wasn't so happy with the results. So I wired back, "Keep your hair shirt on. Enjoying

the scenery. Just like in the book."

I sent it personal and collect, knowing Hargraves would absolutely rave over the joke. Or rave, period.

The town had more life in it this bright Monday morning. There were at least a dozen cars in the main street and a fair number of people wandering in and out of the shops. But there was no story in the town, only among the people of the town, and where better, I thought, to find that story than in Mrs. Lewis' bar.

She was rearing to talk. I was the only customer and as she polished glasses and cleaned the counter top she started on the Bermans again.

"Get much talk out of Ella yesterday?" she inquired, with a casual glance from under her heavy brows.

I wondered how much she knew and the surprise must have shown in my face.

"Mrs. Pryme noticed you," she said smugly. "Mrs. Pryme notices everything of interest about here."

"Even with the blinds down?"

She laughed. That was real funny. She laughed until her whole fat body was shaking with mirth.

"I like you, young man," she said. "You may be smart, but you don't act smart—like some we'd had here recently. Did I ever tell you about Dorcy Berman?"

"A little," I replied, settling myself against the bar.

"She was a good-looking and no mistake," Mrs. Lewis went on. "As pretty as a picture, and as shallow. Hard as nails, under the greasepaint. Everything she wanted she got, and if she couldn't have it she made sure no one else did, either."

"I can see her right now, sitting at the window in that quilted dressing-gown she always used to wear, as innocent as a lamb—some lamb, though—smiling and waving to everyone who went along. But she never missed a trick, that same girl."

"Folk used to visit her and tell her all the latest news, including scandals, all the scraps

of gossip about this and that and the other, so that even if they didn't exactly go places, she knew more than the local paper knew. What everyone was wearing, who was courting who, who was going on holidays and where."

"She was like a clearing house for rumors, and she'd pass them on all titivated up to the next visitor who dropped in for a cheer-up session and the latest developments in town. Oh, yes, I knew Dorcy Berman all right."

"Mind you, she wasn't always like that, though what Ella wrote about the poor, departed girl is pretty true. She really was all those nasty things at the end."

"But before she was crippled and had to spend the rest of her time framed in that window, she was as sprightly as a jumping jack, never still for a second. She'd be at every dance we've ever had here, whirling around till the hall closed up. And every boy in town used to make sheep's eyes at her and carted her about till she got tired of him and found someone else."

"She was a shrewd one, and no mistake. Even had boys bawling over her—just like in the book in Chapter Three—if I remember rightly."

"Then this flash bloke comes to Hanson Creek to live—never really fitted in from the start. I've always said—and Dorcy fell head over heels for him."

"The name was Harrison Fuller. She'd be walking down the street with him, holding on to his hand as if she owned him, body and soul. Then, as usual, she gives him his walking ticket and finds someone else to fill in the vacancy."

Mrs. Lewis paused for breath.

"A heer, Mr. Randall?" she said.

I shook my head impatiently.

"Later. Please go on."

She winked slyly. "Interesting, isn't it. Mind you, this is all in the book."

"Yes," I nodded, "but I prefer your digest of it."

She laughed—a long, deep rumble—breathed on a glass and gave it an extra polish.

"The brush-off rebounded. Ella fell for Harrison Fuller and fell hard. I don't know as if she was ever in love before until Fuller started working his charms."

"Anyway, it appears Ella was about to elope, drives off one night with Fuller, and Dorcy goes after them."

"She was in love with him herself?" I interrupted.

"Sure was," Mrs. Lewis said. "Heard she was as mad as a place at the idea of Ella pinching him from under her nose, so to speak. Took the father's car and set after them to stop the wedding, determined Ella would not have the man she loved."

"Well, she caught up with the couple all right but smashed the car and broke her back. The shock sent Mr. Berman to his grave a month later, and, of course, Ella came back to nurse her sister."

"And Harrison Fuller left for greener fields. Mrs. Lewis," I said, quietly and deliberately, "What would you say if I told you Ella Berman did not write 'The Woman at the Window'?"

"I'd say you're nuts."

"Who else in town could have written it?" I persisted.

Mrs. Lewis shrugged her massive shoulders. "Search me. Right from the start all the letters from the book people came to Ella Berman, the first one arrived a week after Dorcy's funeral. Ask Joe Harling, the postmaster. He'll tell you. Some were even registered. Miss Ella Berman, they were, addressed, of Hanson Creek."

"I didn't know what to think."

"It's a wonder," I went on, "she has stayed here for so long with everyone in town either avoiding or ignoring her. With the money she must have received for the book, surely she could have left and . . ."

"Leave!" Mrs. Lewis echoed.

"Of course she couldn't leave. The house and shop are valuable properties, worth money right there in the main street, and if she so much as left them



for a week there'd be relatives rushing in to contest the will.

"She has to live right there in that house for as long as she lives, and if she ever moves from Hanson Creek then the property's to be sold. We all know that."

"The old man thought that little idea up all by himself to protect Dorcy, knowing it would make Ella stay on and look after her, though he wasn't to know, of course, Dorcy would die before the year was out."

"A pity," I said, "the sisters didn't agree."

"They had different natures," Mrs. Lewis said. "And I suppose, underneath it all, Dorcy must have really hated Ella for stealing her boyfriend. And then, to become a cripple and be forced to accept Ella's aid must have been a terribly cruel blow to her pride. Even visitors noticed the way they never spoke to each other, except when they had to, like 'pass the salt.'"

"It must have been an awful life for them both—fighting cat and dog in a genteel, gracious manner so that no one would know for sure what was going on in their minds."

"It must have been worse for Ella," I stated. "All she seems to have left now are the ghosts."

"And the money from the ghosts."

"But she said . . ." I began.

Ella had said it wasn't her money. If not hers, then—Whose money?

I made a few more inquiries that day from the locals, and the next morning I took a bus to Brook Farm, a town ten times the size of Hanson Creek, and the home of the nearest newspaper office that served Hanson Creek as well as other surrounding districts.

The editor of the "Brook Farm Eagle" was not available when I called, but a sharp-nosed spinster with rimless glasses and a ruffle of lace about her throat accepted my credentials and followed me into the back-dates room of the small, dusty office.

I was not sure what I expected to find at the "Eagle," but was playing on a hunch that somewhere in the files there might be a lead on the Berman girl.

Miss Woodham-Smith, as the secretary introduced herself, had been on the job 25 years, which did not surprise me in the least. She knew everyone, she said, who was worth knowing, and a lot of locals who weren't.

"Of course," she said, wallowing in the surprise of meeting a journalist connected with such a fabulous journal as "Weekend," "in a position like

To page 55

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

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2 WMS

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Ingredients:
1 can (16 ozs.) Bass Fish Cutlets, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 egg (small), 1 small onion minced, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Method: Combine potato, onion and parsley. Add beaten egg and vinegar. Mix in fish (drained and flaked). Season to taste and cook.
Shape into cakes on floured board and place on greased baking dish. Top each cake with Barbecue Sauce, and bake in a moderate oven, 15-20 minutes.

BARBECUE SAUCE:
Combine 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 24, 1953

Continuing . . . The Woman at the Window

(from page 54)

this there's little news we don't hear about, eventually. Are you doing an assignment on the Berman sisters and Ella's important novel?"

I smiled my most polite smile, specially reserved for breathless spinsters.

"If you know, then why ask?"

She chuckled and clasped one bony hand to her black, ruffled chest. "Mrs. Lewis rang through," she said coyly. "Said she thought I may be able to help you."

"That was very kind of Mrs. Lewis," I answered dryly. "And can you help me?"

"Depends on what you're seeking, Mr. Randall."

I hesitated. "I'm not sure. Perhaps something will click, a photograph, a news item. Did you know Miss Dorcy Berman personally?"

"I knew both the Berman girls," Miss Woodham-Smith said, arranging herself on a nearby stool while I rustled through the weighty volumes of back-dates.

"But I preferred Ella. Always the underdog, I used to say. At the family's beck and call. You never saw such opposite natures, Mr. Randall. Dorcy was quite vivacious, almost too much so, and Ella was quiet and sweet and reserved. A lovely person. I was most surprised when she ran away with that Harrison Fuller."

"Evidently the whole town was surprised."

Miss Woodham-Smith permitted herself a gentle smile. "Well, in country areas like this we are more-or-less just one big happy family. We grow up together, and most of our pleasures come from sharing the ups and downs of our friends."

I couldn't think, offhand, of a better way to die a long, lingering death.

"Of course," Miss Woodham-Smith went on. "Dorcy was the smart one of the two, the schemer, with the quick turn of mind. Though very wilful and possessive. I remember when Ella first met this Harrison Fuller."

"It was at a dance here in Brook Farm and Ella came with her father—not that the old fellow danced much, but he liked a yarn with his friends here. And being the housekeeper, so to speak, Ella seldom had a chance to meet many young men her own age. A pity."

"Anyway, this night Harrison and Dorcy must have had a dreadful row on the way to the dance, because everyone commented on the fact she scarcely spoke a civil word to

him all night and flirted out rascally with half the married men in the hall. You just should have heard their wives."

"So it happened that most of the evening Harrison and Ella either sat out talking to each other, or they danced with each other. I really think that was the start of the trouble. And, of course, everyone knew Dorcy hated Ella then."

"Hate is a strong word."

The secretary shook her head. "You have no idea. She was like a wild animal with her rages and passions. No one in these parts could be more cruel than Dorcy Berman when she set her mind to it."

"And afterwards?" I questioned. "After the accident?"

Miss Woodham-Smith shrugged. "The hate was still there—worse than ever, but it became subdued, masked. When visitors came Dorcy would be positively radiant and charming. I know, because once when she came out of hospital I took along a bunch of violets from my garden—I simply adore violets—and baked a rainbow cake. Dorcy always had a sweet tooth to counteract her sour disposition. Excuse me," the secretary said as someone knocked on the counter. "A customer. Be back presently."

I turned over the pages, smelling the wonderful smell of paper and dust and age and printer's ink, and then I saw a photograph of Dorcy Berman with a caption below.

The caption read, "Miss Dorcy Berman, of Hanson Creek, whose engagement to Mr. Harrison Fuller will be formally announced next Saturday night."

Not much there, I thought. Another case of a printer's error. I stared at the picture, at the thin, smiling mouth, the keen eyes and the arched eyebrows, and thick black hair. Supercilious, shallow, the good-time girl. I didn't like her—not the way I liked her sister.

I kept on turning the pages and suddenly I read her name again, under the heading, "Short History of Hanson Creek." Provincial stuff, but I read it through. It wasn't too bad and I felt a grudging admiration. Two months farther back there was another article about the same lines, "The Decline of the Country Town."

Miss Woodham-Smith came back then. "Find anything of interest?"

I closed the volume and lit a cigarette to steady my nerves.

"Tell me," I asked, "was Miss Berman a regular contributor to the 'Eagle'?"

The secretary pondered. "Well, yes and no. Some of the stuff was most interesting—she'd always had a flair for it—but a few were rather—flippant. And, naturally, we leave flippancy to other journals."

"Such as 'Weekend'?"

She contrived to look coy.

"It really is a fine magazine."

"It should be," I said. "With ten near-suicides to its credit, twenty ulcer operations, and a half-share in an aspirin company."

I caught the next bus back to Hanson Creek and wired Hargraves. "Clear the decks. Full story tomorrow."

The assignment had broken. All I needed were a few bits and pieces, and I knew exactly where to dig them up.

It was almost sundown when I reached the hotel, and Mrs. Lewis was lying in wait for me. She said, gaily, "You're just in time for dinner, Mr. Randall. I'm sure you must be starved."

"I am," I admitted, "and I've been that way since last weekend."

"Did you have a good day?" she asked, quickly changing the subject.

"I've had worse, Mrs. Lewis."

She was dying to ask me all about it, but she did not get the opportunity.

I hurried down the street, ablaze with the last powerful light of the day, and knocked on the Berman front door.

No one answered. I knocked again, louder, and again, until my knuckles ached.

And finally the door opened. I knew everything the instant I saw the pale face frowning at me. I knew how Dorcy had finally had her revenge on Ella, a long, lingering revenge that was too monstrous to be believed.

I knew why she had spent the last year of her life sitting in the wheel chair at the window, nurturing friendships with one end in view, to keep Ella chained forever in this dark, gloomy house.

She knew Ella had neither trade nor experience, that might provide employment outside of Hanson Creek, and she knew how much the townspeople used to like Ella, just as she realised how much they inwardly despised her.

She knew she would never walk again, and hurried to leave behind a legacy of contempt and anguish that would eternally remain with the living.

It had been so easy—up till now.

"What do you want this time?" Ella Berman asked.

"My name is Timothy Randall," I said. "I'm a journalist."

"You told me that before."

"I'd like an interview," I said, my voice tight. "I'm doing an assignment on a new novel, 'The Woman at the Window.' I think—I think it's about time the public knew that Dorcy Berman wrote the book, that she sent it to the publishers before she died and signed herself as Ella Berman. I want to tell the whole world, Ella, the world, and Hanson Creek."

The chain rattled as she unlatched the door.

"Come in," she said, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Please—come in."

Hargraves, I thought. I'm through, Hargraves. Get yourself a new copy boy. Someone whose heart is made of stone and with a mind containing nothing but a portable typewriter. I'm staying, Hargraves. I think I'll stay right here in Hanson Creek.

She threw open the door, and when I walked through she made to close it again.

"No," I said, clasping her hand. "Leave the door open now and let the sunlight in."

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As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): While you may feel inclined to act boldly, February 24, make sure your information is correct. Keep a still tongue about your plans until February 26.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Hopes and wishes may be aroused, February 23, and there's good news to encourage you, February 25; February 28 crowns your aspirations.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Show what you can do, advertise your talents in the business or social world, February 24; out control extravagant ideas, February 26.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Those starting out on a new venture should be cheered by February 23. Travel, studies, and new experiences are well favored. Play safe, February 26. You could do with some relaxation.

LEO (July 23-August 22): A setback or minor health troubles are possible, February 25, unless care is taken. February 28 puts you on a sounder basis.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Co-operation with friends, associates, partners is the main feature of the week, with February 28 helpful. Avoid nervous tension, March 1.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Anything to do with your occupation is favorably aspected, February 23 to 26. If the weekend is disappointing, March 1 is tops.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): That romance may wear thin, social life may be boring, February 24, but February 27 is glamorous for lovers and lucky for their elders. Be wise and use this day well.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): If discontented with your home, February 26, you may plan drastic alterations, February 28, but be sure to count the cost.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Set that appointment for February 23 or 25, when any short journey should be fortunate. February 28 also shines on outings.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Hunt that new job, chase that profitable sideline, or set up a budget, February 24. Don't allow March 1 to dampen your enthusiasm.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Events on February 25 may not suit your plans, but February 27 may have gifts.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



delicious meals in 5 minutes...



with

Kia-ora

Baked Beans & Spaghetti

Easy to prepare and delicious to eat, Kia-ora Baked Beans and Kia-ora Spaghetti are real time and money savers, too. Everyone loves that famous Kia-ora Flavour, so always have plenty on hand. Stock up with all 3 handy sizes of each.

Three handy sizes



Summer Pies... *with a difference*

● With imagination and very little effort pastry can be used as the basis of many delightful sweets for family or formal dinners.

REFRESHING fruit-flavored fillings, crisp pastry-cases, and cream or ice-cream add up to delicious desserts for hot days, but unfilled tart-cases tend to lose their shape during cooking unless care is taken.

Here is an easy way to preserve the shape of the case.

Roll pastry thinly and line tart-plate in usual way. Prick base of tart well with a fork, pinch a frill around edges, and glaze with water or egg-white.

Cut a piece of greaseproof paper the size of the top of the tart-plate. Using scissors, make cuts in edge 1 in. deep and 1 in. apart; press paper down into pastry-lined plate, allowing cut edges to overlap. Half-fill plate with dried peas, beans, or macaroni kept for the purpose. Remove beans and paper for last five minutes of cooking time to allow pastry on base of tart-plate to become brown and crisp.

The following recipe for biscuit pastry will help you make the pastry-cases for the sweet pies on this page.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

Orange Chiffon Pie

One 8 in. pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, toasted shredded coconut.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. In top half of double saucepan place sugar, orange juice, orange rind, and lemon juice. Add egg-yolks beaten with salt. Cook over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add soaked gelatine and stir while cooling over bowl of ice. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Fill into pastry-case, decorate with coconut.

Apricot Cream Pie

One 8 in. pastry-case, cooked and cooled, one dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apricot juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, good pinch salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup apricot pulp (cooked with a small quantity of sugar and practically no water, or use thoroughly drained pie pulp), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, toasted blanched almonds.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat apricot juice, add gelatine, sugar, salt, lemon juice, and apricot pulp. Stir to mix well. Allow to become cold, when beginning to thicken fold in whipped cream, reserving a little to make a thin spread on top. Fill pastry-case, spread with cream, decorate with toasted almonds. Chill until set.



Chocolate Velvet Pie

One 8 in. pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. dark chocolate, $1\frac{1}{2}$ scant teaspoons coffee essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 small eggs, 1 teaspoon rum (or more), whipped cream, grated chocolate.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk all at once, add sugar, grated chocolate, and coffee essence. Continue stirring until boiling. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolks. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil again. Cool slightly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, vanilla, and rum. Fill into tart-case, chill until set. Decorate with cream and grated chocolate.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Five ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn-flour, 2oz. icing sugar, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk or a little beaten egg mixed with milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll to fit 8 in. tart-plate. Prick base with a fork, decorate edge. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

LOGANBERRY ICE-CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled biscuit pastry-case, 1 small tin loganberries (or $\frac{1}{2}$ packet quick-frozen loganberries, raspberries, or boysenberries), 1 tray home-made ice-cream or half-block ice-cream, 2 egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Drain syrup from fruit, place fruit in pastry-case. Cover with a thick layer of ice-cream, quickly top with meringue made by beating egg-whites with sugar until the mixture stands in peaks and flavoring with vanilla. Be sure to draw meringue right on to edge of tart to make airtight. Place under hot grill for one minute to lightly brown meringue on top. Serve immediately. This sweet must be made at the last possible moment, but all ingredients and ice-cream may be prepared ahead.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One 8 in. biscuit pastry-case, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1-3rd cup sugar for meringue.

Place sugar, butter, and a little extra water in a saucepan, boil to a syrup. Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Blend cornflour with the water, add milk, pour into boiling syrup, stirring all the time. Continue stirring while mixture cooks 2 minutes. Add egg-yolks and beat well. Fill into pastry-case, top with meringue made by beating egg-whites to meringue-consistency with extra sugar. Set and lightly brown meringue in very moderate oven. Allow to cool, then chill before serving.

BY
OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS

SLIDE DOORS ON BANGOR



This kitchen door slides neatly back beside the sink—is completely out of the housewife's way when she is working. The track shown is Bangor No. 205. No. 200 is even neater and lighter.

There is no waste space when you put sliding doors on **BANGOR** track

IF YOU ARE BUILDING

or planning to build you know how steep costs threaten to make your home smaller than you want. Yet, every old-fashioned door that swings on hinges, eats up 9 sq. feet of your living space. Look at the home you live in now—estimate how much space you would save if all your doors slid back along the walls. Think how much better you could group your furniture. Plan those advantages for your new home.

BANGOR CREATES SPACE INEXPENSIVELY

The cost of Bangor throughout your home is amazingly low. The track requires no special doors—the fitting is simple, and working parts are easily concealed under a pelmet.

Doors can slide behind cupboards, beside furniture, or simply along the face of

the wall. Even heavy doors slide easily... smoothly... are unaffected by winds.

NO FLOOR TRACK

Doors are carried on a neat overhead fitting. There is nothing on the floor to catch dust or interfere with carpets. Bangor slides smoothly, stays as far or as little open as needed.

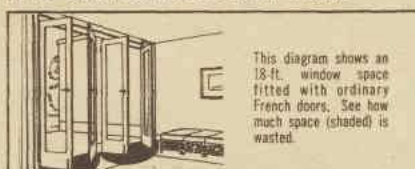
OUTSIDE OR INSIDE DOOR

One Bangor exterior installation at Whale Beach, Sydney, exposed to wind and Pacific gales, remains weatherproof through all storms that beat on it, while even well-weathered hinged doors and windows in nearby houses leak badly.

TROUBLE FREE

Once installed, sliding doors on Bangor track give years of trouble-free service.

HOW SLIDING DOORS SAVE SPACE



This diagram shows an 18 ft. window space fitted with ordinary French doors. See how much space (shaded) is wasted.

Same room with Doors sliding on Bangor track. See how a settee can be placed beside the window.

ANY STYLE OF DOOR CAN SLIDE



Bangor Track can carry any style of door—from a simple 2' 8" flush-panelled wooden door to an enormous steel-framed sheet of glass that allows indoor-outdoor living. There is a Bangor Garage Door Track, too.

BANGOR Sliding Door Track

A Product of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES

PRIZE RECIPES



MAKE these pretty little biscuits for your next tea-party. You will enjoy cooking them. See prize recipe below.

● Next time you entertain, surprise your guests with the attractive fondant-topped biscuits which win first prize of £5 this week.

THE inexperienced cook can be sure of good results with these novelty biscuits. No special skill is required to cut the fondant to shape—simply use the same cutters as for cutting the biscuits.

Chocolate icing piped around the biscuits enhances their appearance, but it is not necessary. A simple, effective way of outlining the shape is to make a light indentation in the fondant topping with the back of a knife blade.

Recipes for sherried ox kidney, pineapple macaroon tart, and economy cutlets win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

NOVELTY BISCUITS

Eight ounces plain flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, pinch salt, apricot jam.

Fondant Topping: Two ounces glucose, 2oz. crystal sugar, 3 dessertspoons water, ½ lb. icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon boiling water, vanilla, coloring, 2 tablespoons chocolate icing, small colored sweets.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Rub in shortening, working with the hands to bind. Knead slightly on floured board, roll to barely ¼ in. thickness. Cut with fancy cutters, bake in very moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool slightly on oven trays, finish cooling on cake-coolers. When cold, spread tops lightly with jam, cover with fondant topping cut the same shape, and decorate with piped chocolate icing and tiny colored sweets.

Fondant Topping: Boil crystal sugar, water, and glucose to 228deg. F (or until a little dropped into cold water can be moulded with the fingers to a soft ball). Add gelatine dissolved in hot water. Beat until beginning to thicken, gradually add sifted icing sugar, beating well, and finally kneading with the hands until nearly all icing sugar is used. Knead on board coated with icing sugar, working in coloring, and flavoring a drop or two at a time. Roll to ¼ in. thickness.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Hood, 93 Essex St., Epping, N.S.W.

SHERRIED OX KIDNEY

One ox kidney, 1½ tablespoons fat, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika or pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 large onion, 1 cup dry sherry, 1 cup water.

Soak, skin, and dry kidney. Remove core, cut into ¼ in. cubes. Roll in flour mixed with sugar, mustard, paprika, and salt. Saute lightly in hot fat, remove. Add sliced onion, brown lightly. Place in saucepan with kidney, add sherry and water. Simmer 1 hour. Stir in balance of flour blended with a little extra water, cook 3 or 4 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss F. P. Mead, c/o Law, Duncan and Co., Launceston, Tas.

PINEAPPLE TART

One 8 in. biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1 small pineapple, 2 tablespoons sugar, extra ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 egg, ¼ cup coconut.

Peel, core, and dice pineapple, add sugar, cover and cook gently until tender. Cool slightly, fill into pastry-case. Cream shortening with extra sugar and beaten egg, add coconut, mix well. Spread over pineapple. Bake in very moderate oven until lightly browned, 20 to 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Mullins, 28 Myrtle St., Grange, Qld.

ECONOMY CUTLETS

One mutton flap, 1½ pints water, 1 onion, 1 carrot, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, salt, pepper, 1 egg, breadcrumbs.

Cook mutton flap with water, chopped onion, carrot, celery, and salt and pepper until tender or pressure cook about 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from stock, press between 2 plates, allow to cool. Cut into thick slices, coat with beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry golden brown. Drain and serve hot.

Note: Skim fat from stock when cold, add milk and chopped parsley, thicken with flour, and serve as soup.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. A. Roberts, Box 29, Warrandyte, Vic.

AVAILABLE AT HARDWARE AND COUNTRY GENERAL STORES

Wormald Brothers (East) Limited, Box 1578, G.P.O., Sydney.
(If you live in another State, look up your nearest Wormald Brothers address in 'phone book.)

Please send me the booklet which tells me all about Bangor Sliding Door Track and its installation.

Name

Address





BACK of "Tolvtekarna," timber-with-tiled-roof week-ender at Tyreso, Sweden, near Stockholm. The house belongs to Mrs. Eilur Ericson, well-known interior decorator, shown here watering flowers which grow in the interstices of the paved terrace.

Swedish week-ender

● One of the prettiest week-enders in Sweden belongs to Mrs. Eilur Ericson, who directs Svenkst Tenn, Stockholm's well-known arts and crafts centre.

THE house, called "Tolvtekarna" (Twelve Oaks), after the trees on the property, is set in several acres of undulating lawns and gardens at Tyreso, a few hours' run from Stockholm.

The Ericsons have a small flat in Stockholm, but do most of their entertaining at their country cottage.

Six guests for dinner or luncheon are the minimum. The table appointments—whether the meal is served indoors or out—are exquisite. The food, superbly cooked and served, runs into six or seven courses.

During spring and summer Mrs. Ericson spends every free minute gardening. In winter, when snow mantles the countryside, she divides her spare time between indoor gardening, reading, and working on craft and fabric design. She also has an outstanding reputation as an interior decorator.—Eve Gye.



ABOVE: Table set for an outdoor meal on the front terrace. The homespun cloth is in a checkerboard pattern of white and green tonings. Plates are of fine green glass.

BELOW: Sitting-room, photographed through the glass wall of the terrace, has chalk-white walls, mahogany furniture. A vine grows across the top of the wall.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 24, 1954



See how much work is saved by buying the only washer equipped to do the **4** BIG WASHDAY JOBS!

Pope
WITH THE AUTOMATIC
FILL'N'EMPTY PUMP

Fills!



It's so easy! Simply slip the Pope hose into the copper, turn a knob... and in a jiffy the automatic 'FILL'N'EMPTY' pump fills your Pope with hot water—it's marvellous and exclusive to the new Pope—the only washer that fills and empties as well as washes and wrings.

Empties!



To empty a Pope... just slip the hose over the trough, turn a knob and the exclusive 'FILL'N'EMPTY' pump does the rest—quickly and automatically. For you no more bending—No baling—No backaches—if you buy Pope the complete washing machine that does the complete wash-day job.

Washes!



Here's how you wash more clothes whiter, brighter, faster with Pope! The exclusive Pope 'Aquavane' with its 3-zone washing action, washes every garment individually. No pounding... no thrashing... just a gentle easy swirling that's far more thorough... far kinder to your clothes.

Wrings!



So smooth... so effortless... and so safe... the Pope Power Wringer actually cleanses as it dry wrings—takes everything from bibs to blankets—locks in 8 different wringing positions and adjusts to exact pressures for every type of fabric. There's not a hand's turn needed with your Pope Wringer.

SOLD BY
WASHING MACHINE
RETAILERS
EVERYWHERE



- **DIRECT DRIVE**... Only 4 moving parts. No belts or pulleys to wobble or wear.
- **RUST-PROOF, STAIN-PROOF, SOAP-PROOF**... Deep roomy tub takes the full-size family wash.
- **DEPENDABLE POPE MOTOR**... Specially designed to power a full-size washer.
- **THE POPE IS COMPLETE**... Sleek, full-length, protective skirt... extra long hose... light-weight lid, and the exclusive 'FILL'N'EMPTY' PUMP.
- **12 MONTHS GUARANTEE**
- **12 MONTHS FREE SERVICE**
- **Lifetime MAINTENANCE PLAN**

Manufactured by
POPE PRODUCTS LIMITED Perth : Adelaide : Melbourne : Sydney : Brisbane

A NEW PACK! A BETTER POWDER!



**SOLVES ALL HARD WATER
CLEANING PROBLEMS
KEEPS GREASE TRAPS FREE**

Kwit IS THE MIRACLE DETERGENT

A little "Kwit" goes a long way to eliminating drudgery from washing everything from DISHES to DAINTY UNDIES and NYLONS to NAPPIES. "Kwit" is so superior to soaps it has superseded soap in thousands of homes for EVERY household washing job. IT'S MARVELLOUS—even in hard bore water!

Kwit IS THE ECONOMY DETERGENT

Follow the directions on the packet and don't waste "Kwit." It's so simple to save money when you use "Kwit." It saves in other ways, too, by doing all washing jobs quicker. When washing dishes with "Kwit," you need no tea-towels.

Kwit IS THE CONCENTRATED DETERGENT

You can buy "Kwit" in liquid form as well as the powder, but whichever you use you will find this wonder detergent is concentrated, which means that you need less "Kwit" than other detergents—and certainly less "Kwit" than soap, to get better results.

KWIT IS KIND TO YOUR HANDS

"Kwit" will shortly be available in Western Australia.

Quit washing—let KWIT wash!

Scott's Detergents (A/asia) Pty. Ltd., Princess Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W. Phone FF3001.



NYLONS, DAINTIES

Dainty undies, woollens and nylons stay lovelier, look brighter when you use KWIT. 2 teasp. in a bowl of water is enough! Squeeze, rinse and dry in a shady spot.



HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

For cleaning baths, basins, tiles—and particularly linoleum—you'll find KWIT wonderful. Use 1 tabsp. to a bucket of warm water.



WASHING MACHINES

KWIT is the best and most economical cleaning agent for your washing machines. Dish-washer: 1 dessertsp. for every 4 plates. Washing Machine: 2 tabsp. to each 9 lb. clothes.



THE WEEKLY WASH

Make washday easy—add 2 to 3 tabsp. of KWIT to a full copper of water, boil and rinse. You'll have whiter whites, brighter colours! There's no need to "blue" or use soap with KWIT.



FOR DISHES

Add 1 dessertsp. of KWIT to a full sink of water, wash and leave to drain. Germs perish, glass and crockery dried sparkling clean when you wash up with KWIT.

Easy to make:

CHIC EVENING BAG



EVENING BAG made from a remnant of water-wave faille taffeta. Both useful and pretty, it is capacious enough to hold cosmetics, small purse, comb, and handkerchief.



CLOSE-UP of the open evening bag which can be made in a couple of hours. The concertina-like top may be of gilt or white metal. The one shown above costs less than 5/- to buy. Prices vary according to design.

Make this evening bag, with its soft plaited handle and smart clasp, to match or contrast with your evening frocks.

THE most suitable fabrics to use are velvet, faille taffeta, moire, or brocade satin.

To make the bag, you need 1-3rd yard of the material of your choice, a circular piece of strong cardboard 5in. in diameter for the base of the bag, and a metal concertina top.

Cut two 6in. diameter circles of the material to cover the cardboard base of bag, a rectangular piece 26in. long by 6in. wide for the body of bag, and three strips 10in. long by 1in. wide for a plaited handle.

Run a gathering thread round each circle of material, place one piece over the cardboard on the underside and pull up the thread. Join ends of body piece, run a gathering thread round one edge, 1in. from the edge, draw up to the size of the base and pin round base on the inside; pull up the second circle of material and fit as a lining on the inside of the base, turn in edges and hand-sew neatly round edge.

Machine a fine hem round top of body piece, mark round the hem at 1/4in. intervals with pins, open out concertina top and sew to the holes in the bag top at points marked by pins. Push the folds of the material at top of bag inside the clasp and catch each fold with a neat stitch about 1/2in. in from where it is stitched to the top.

Baby's health

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

ASERIOUS childish illness may be averted by an alert mother who notices any change in her baby or toddler's normal appearance and behaviour.

A child's behaviour at the onset of any illness departs from normal. He is often drowsy, fretful, crying, and off his food.

An unnatural quietness and over-excitement are two simple symptoms that may mean illness.

Sometimes he may have a cough, wheezing, and a "running" nose. Again, first symptoms of certain illnesses are a change in the type of bowel elimination and the color of the child's urine. Muscle rigidity or twitching should also be watched for.

Before you ring the doctor take baby's temperature, for the doctor will ask immediately if the child is feverish.

A leaflet on the subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.



129

A GREAT VARIETY OF SPARKLING NEW PATTERNS FOR EVERY USE



THERE are many attractive new designs on American Vogart transfer pattern No. 129. There are two of most motifs, so they can be embroidered on scarf-ends, pillow-cases, and opposite corners of tablecloths. Several of the smaller motifs are suitable for lingerie and blouses; there is no limit to what you may do with this versatile assortment of designs. Price of the transfer is 2/-, and it can be ordered from our Needlework Department. See page 61 for address.

F3088.—Smart blouse, skirt, and weskit ensemble. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust, 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material for blouse, 2 yds. 54in. material for skirt, and 1 yd. 54in. material for weskit. Price, complete, 4/6.

F3088

Fashion PATTERNS

F3089.—Pretty lace party dress designed with a moulded cover-up bodice and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8 yds. 36in. lace, 5½ yds. 36in. lining, plus 1 yd. 36in. satin. Price, 3/6.

F3090.—One-piece, designed on slender lines, features 2-length sleeves and twin hip pockets. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3091.—Smartly styled button-

up coat-dress has black-and-white contrast at neckline and sleeve edges. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material, 1 yd. 36in. black material, and 1 yd. 36in. white material. Price, 3/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3092.—Beginners' pattern for an attractive short-sleeved blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Line 66-D G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 686 G.P.O., Auckland.

F3093.—Small girl's dress designed for the 8-to-14-year age group. Sizes, lengths 27in., 31in., 35in., and 37in. for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3093

F3090

F3091

F3092

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

616

No. 616—CHILD'S PJAMAS
Two-piece pyjamas with waist fastenings are obtainable cut out ready to make in lamtex (a wool-like rayon). The color choice includes cream, primrose pink, and blue. Sizes: Length, 28in. for 2 years, 35½ in. for 3 years, 36½ in. for 4 years, 37½ in. for 5 years. Price, 11/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 617—TRAY CLOTH OR TABLE CENTRE
The cloth is obtainable clearly traced with a very pretty floral design, ready to embroider in heavy cream or white linen. Size, 11in. by 11in. Price, 6/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 618—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider with an unusual flower-and-leaf design on heavy cream linen, with serviettes to match. The centre mat measures 14in. by 14in., plate mat 11in. by 11in., and cup-and-

saucer mat 5in. by 5in. Prices: Nine-piece set, including one centre, four plate, and four cup-and-saucer mats, 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including one centre, six plate, and six cup-and-saucer mats, 22/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 619—TENNIS DRESS
The smart above-knee-length one-piece tennis dress is obtainable with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is white pique. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37½ in. and 39in. waist, 35½ in. and 37in. length. Price, 25/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

619

617

618



THE NEW COTY deodorant TALC*

gives fragrant head-to-toe protection

Smooth, cool, beautifully perfumed Coty Talc stops perspiration odours before they start and gives all-over body protection—something under-arm deodorants cannot possibly give.

Now, in one simple after-bath operation, with this marvellous dual-purpose talc, you can ensure lasting, personal freshness as well as lasting fragrance—you and your clothes remain fresh, air-sweet and beautifully perfumed the live-long day.

* Five distinguished perfumes: Chypre, L'Amant, L'Origan, Paris, Muguet des Bois

5/6

Now COTY SOLID COLOGNE

The very newest way to use your perfume. It's non-greasy, leaves no film on the skin—only true, rich fragrance! L'Amant, Muguet des Bois, 11/6.

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

Teething Trouble?



Baby's discomfort can be so easily soothed away with Ashton & Parsons' Powders. These wonderful powders ease baby's pain, reduce high temperature, and induce normal, restful sleep. And Ashton & Parsons' Powders are absolutely safe for they will never conceal any more serious symptoms which may develop.

Insist on being supplied with **Ashton & Parsons' Powders** They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

New life for the middle years, thanks to **WINCARNIS**

"The Wine of Life" Ask for WINCARNIS from chemists



Give a Tasty Lift to Summer Salads

with this delicious

COTTAGE CHEESE DRESSING



NESTLÉ'S COTTAGE CHEESE DRESSING

1 half tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 teaspoonful Salt, 1 teaspoonful Paprika, 1 pint Vinegar, 3 teaspoonful Mustard, 3 ounces Cream Cheese. First of all, mix the Nestlé's Milk, Vinegar, Mustard and Pepper. Then sieve the Cheese and add the mixture, beating all the while till smooth. This is really a very tasty dressing and should be chilled in a refrigerator if possible, or cooled before serving with fresh, green salads or potato salads.

Three more economical recipes made with Nestlé's Full Cream Milk

Date Crunches. 1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 lb. Rolled Oats, 1 lb. stoned Dates, 1 teaspoonful of Cinnamon.

Mix the Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, the Oats, the Dates, which have been chopped, and the Cinnamon. When well blended, put the mixture in spoonfuls of equal size on a greased baking sheet. Needs to be too accurate. Then bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes until brown.

Nestlé's Apple Scallops. 1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 2 tablespoonfuls Lemon Juice, 1 Egg, 1 oz. Dry Cake Crumbs, 1 pint Apple Sauce (unsweetened please).

Blend the Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk with the Lemon Juice and the Egg Yolk. Add the Cake Crumbs and Apple Sauce and mix together. Fold in the stiffly beaten Egg-white. Pour the whole into a buttered fireproof dish and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve with Nestlé's Pure Thick Cream.

Nestlé's Midget Doughnuts. Take a small white loaf of bread and cut into 1" cubes or three-fourths, and roll them in Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. Fry them in hot fat for 1 minute or until golden brown. Drain on soft, crumpled paper and serve whilst hot.



NESTLÉ'S FULL CREAM MILK

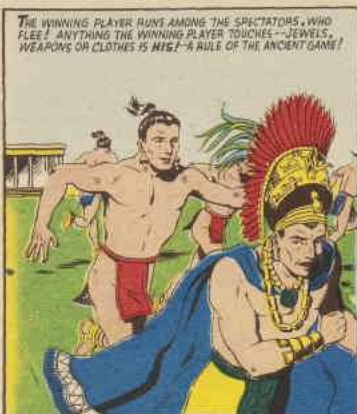
So safe...so pure...
and always so reliable!



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA, are looking for the mysterious White Queen of Taboo Land, a South American country which resembles the 1000-

year-old Mayan civilisation. They find that horrifying customs are observed there. By hypnotism, Mandrake prevents a human sacrifice, but after brief hostility the Mayans entertain the visitors with one of their ancient games. NOW READ ON:



THE WINNING PLAYER RUNS AMONG THE SPECTATORS, WHO FLEE! ANYTHING THE WINNING PLAYER TOUCHES—JEWELS, WEAPONS OR CLOTHES IS HIS!—A RULE OF THE ANCIENT GAME!



ANOTHER RULE OF THE ANCIENT BRUTAL GAME—THE DEFEATED CAPTAIN MUST LOSE HIS HEAD TO THE WINNING CAPTAIN!



MANDRAKE—WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO?

COME, LOTHAR, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT. WAIT HERE, NARDA.

HORRIFIED AT WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, MANDRAKE LEAPS FROM THE STANDS—



HURRY! THE WHITE GODDESS AWAITS HER!

MANDRAKE—BIBB—



MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—

FLY AWAY, SWORD!



HOW DARES THE STRANGER TO INTERFERE! THIS IS THE CUSTOM! WE WON!

HE IS A WIZARD, FOR THE TIME BEING, OBEY THE WHITE GODDESS' COMMANDS!



NARDA GONE! WHERE GO?

THEY'VE TAKEN HER AWAY! WHERE'S THAT HIGH PRIEST? WE CAN'T LOSE A MOMENT! HER LIFE'S IN DANGER!



MEANWHILE, NARDA IS HURRIED UP THE STEEP STAIRS OF THE ANCIENT PYRAMID-TEMPLE—

TO BE CONTINUED

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says

KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in your pocket — use



KLEENEX ON THE KEYS

NO MORE HOT, SLIPPERY FINGERS WHEN I PLAY THE PIANO — THANKS TO KLEENEX.

£5 to Mr. JIM GILFORD

"Four Trees", Lorraine Street, Footscray, N.S.W.



KLEENEX TISSUES NOW COME IN 3 SIZES

BIG ECONOMY SIZE 2' PERSONAL PACK FOR HANDBAG OR POCKET 1'

GIANT FAMILY SIZE 3'

TIP FOR TYPISTS

PROTECT CUFFS WITH KLEENEX. SAVE LAUNDRY AND WEAR USE KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES AFTER WORKING DUPLICATING MACHINE. ALSO ON TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE.

£5 to Mr. K. BILLY

Box 19, Post Office, Remondou, Valley, Brisbane

BLOW-OUT PROOF!

MY HUSBAND INSISTS ON A NOSE BLOW-OUT BEFORE RETIRING EACH NIGHT. THE HANKIE WASH WAS ENORMOUS UNTIL I GAVE HIM SO-MUCH-SOFTER KLEENEX.

£12-10

£5 to Mrs. W. M. TORNEY, Prefab. 51, Flinders Naval Depot, Victoria.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WORRIED OVER "IRREGULARITY?"

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER...

If you have become constipated and fallen into the habit of taking purgatives or harsh medicines—then this offer is for you! Simply enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran® every morning for breakfast for 10 days, and drink plenty of water. Then, if you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's—and you'll get DOUBLE your money back. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the bulk your system needs to

function naturally every day. It ends constipation, brings you vitality, instead of purging the energy out of you. At your grocers.

ALL-BRAN got me regular in a week!



J. Callaghan, 801 St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

A853-10R

Someone's been here with Brasso!



The Quality Polish for Brass & Copper

What brightness a touch of Brasso gives to brass and copper! What beauty it brings to any room! Always use Brasso for quicker, easier polishing.

BRASSO

TEENA

by Linda Terry

WHAT? WHAT D'Y MEAN YOU CAN'T TAKE ME TO THE DANCE TONIGHT MERELY BECAUSE YOU STEPPED ON A NAIL?!!

SO WHAT?!! SINCE WHEN D'YOU NEED BOTH FEET TO DANCE?!!



MEN! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! YOU KNOCK YOURSELF OUT TRYING TO GET A DATE WITH 'EM, AND WHAT D' THEY DO?!! THE FIRST CHANCE THEY GET, THEY BREAK IT!!



I'M THROUGH WITH MEN FOR LIFE! THROUGH! FINISHED! FROM NOW ON I'M DEDICATING MYSELF TO NOTHIN' BUT SCIENCE!!



I'LL BECOME A WOMAN OF DESTINY!! I'LL SACRIFICE MYSELF ON THE ALTAR OF FAME... OOH! HE'LL BE SO SORRY HE DIDN'T TAKE ME TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT... WHEN HE SEES ME ON THE SCREEN... BEAUTIFUL... GORGEOUS... DIVINE... BEING KISSED BY CARY GRANT...



WHAT SCREEN?!! WHAT CARY GRANT?!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEDICATING YOURSELF TO SCIENCE!



POOR BOY, SITTING IN THAT COLD THEATRE KNOWING HE'S LOST ME FOREVER...

I FEEL SORTA SORRY FOR HIM... I THINK I'LL SEND HIM A FLOWER...



IT'S FROM TEENA... THERE'S A NOTE TELLING YOU HOW TO PRESERVE IT... SHE DOESN'T EVEN MENTION MISSING THE DANCE... NOW THERE'S A GIRL WITH NO NONSENSE ABOUT HER.



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"VERONICA".—Smart cocktail frock, featuring a low-cut sleeveless bodice-top and spreading skirt. The color choice includes black, navy, charcoal-grey, and burgundy. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £7/3/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £7/5/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/18/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, £5/19/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"KIRSTEN".—Attractive slender-line daytime dress made in wulchene; the color choice includes twilight-blue, royal-blue, grey, and reseda-green. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 93/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 95/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 70/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, 642 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

SHOP TALK by Addis



KEEP "COMPACT" ON THE JOB!

Keep teeth spotless in office hours, or before "after five" dates with an Addis "Compact" toothbrush! Neat case forms a handle, folds up to nothing! "Compact" hides easily in handbag or drawer! It's an office essential... yours for 2/3!



"Handy" handbag hairbrush!

"Handy" hairbrush by Addis fits into any size handbag, make-up kit, case! Give hair that smooth, "shining-clean look" often! Keep "Handy" in the office—it works as well as a brush twice its size! Stays fresh in plastic cover, too! 6/6 buys "Handy" at all chemists and stores.



BRUSH THAT DENTURE!

No dunking it in water, please! Brush it thoroughly with a tough Wing Denture Brush by Addis... Three-sided bristles scour into every gap ordinary toothbrushes can't reach! Suits every denture! Costs just 3/8!

BRUSHES by

Addis

A83-2

"I dip them in milk
too"



JUST watch them go — the moment they appear on the table or out of the picnic hamper.

There has never been such a general favourite with all ages anywhere.

Whether it's something for the children's lunch or Grandma's light, wholesome supper, ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS fill a place in every Australian home beyond the reach of imitators.



Arnott's *famous* Milk Arrowroot Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality